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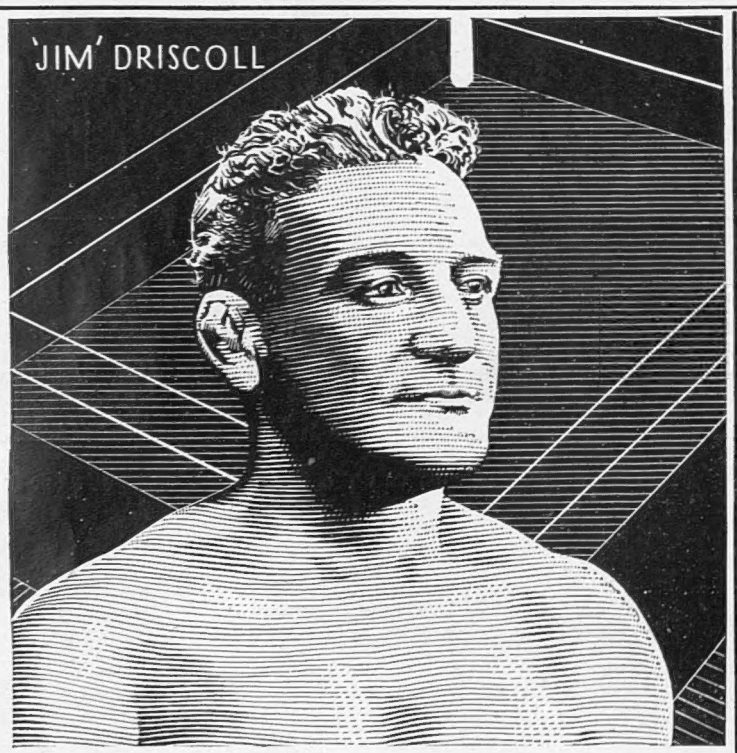

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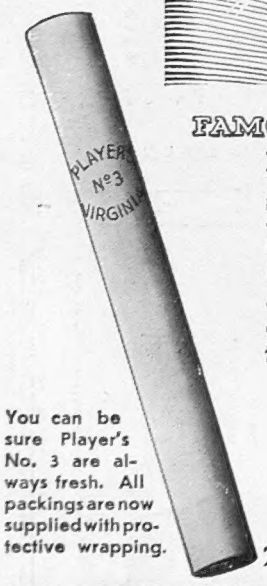

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THE SPHERE
With which Is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 6, 1937

Fury of the Ohio Flood-waters

Surging Against the Carriageway of a Bridge at Louisville, Kentucky, One of the Hard Hit Cities of the Sorely Stricken Middle West

It is well-nigh impossible at this distance and at this juncture to comprehend the appalling magnitude of the United States flood havoc, but as fresh news of dark disaster has come in from day to day, it has been increasingly apparent that the basin of the Ohio River is now the scene of one of the major tragedies of American history. After weeks of snow, followed by unprecedented rain, the flood-waters have poured down the turbulent Ohio, sweeping to its confluence with the yet mightier Mississippi, and all along the way cities, towns, and villages have been inundated by the unleashed torrent, causing (at the time of writing) the loss of some 600 lives and damage to property estimated at £100,000,000. Cincinnati, Louisville, and Evansville have each in their turn known the fury of the flood. Relief measures have been placed on a war-time footing, and tens of thousands of people, aided by the army and the Red Cross, have sought safety in flight to higher ground, for them the words of the negro song, "River stay away from my door," now having an apposite and terrible significance. This week, as the crest of the flood advanced to the Mississippi itself at Cairo, Illinois, 115,000 troops and civilian volunteers worked day and night to raise the level of the dykes at danger points, while, farther downstream, preparations were set on foot to evacuate, if need be, 1,000,000 inhabitants from an area as large as Great Britain. (*More pictures will be found on pages* 192–193)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

CATERING FOR THE CHILDREN: An employee of a Highgate factory gilding toy Coronation coaches in readiness for display at the British Industries Fair, the great trade show which opens in London and Birmingham on February 26

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, February 3, 1937.

THE AMERICAN FLOODS.

—The flooding of the Mississippi and Ohio areas in 1937 has gradually assumed the importance of a first-class national disaster and will figure in history. America has had no such mass problem to face since the great war and no such need for national organisation on a gigantic scale. The damage is now inestimable, the numbers of people in need are on the million basis. When I wrote of the floods last week it seemed that the peak was reached, and the figures of people rendered homeless (300,000) probably exaggerated. In truth it was a mere prelude to the real tragedy. An area more than half as large as Wales is under a waste of flood water. Complete cities with populations of 500,000 are completely submerged and threatened still with total material destruction; and the Government is even now engaged in the task, with the help of the army, of organising to evacuate every living creature in a group of cities of the importance of Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Stafford. What that implies in national effort and organisation, in risk, confusion, and misery, we in England cannot more than dimly conceive. It is the upheaval of the lives of 1,000,000 people. Apart from the total loss of property and lives, and the already frightful dangers from epidemic diseases and starvation, one of the most important industrial areas in the Southern States finds its activities brought to a standstill and is faced, when months hence some sort of clean-up is accomplished, with a fresh start and hard and laborious pioneering. In the already critical plight of industry due to the late slump and the widespread and gigantic strikes, this great disaster cannot be exaggerated. It is the creation of "Distressed Areas" on a gigantic scale, not by gradual economic process but by a sudden act of God. Mr. Roosevelt's appeal for a charitable contribution of £400,000 to help the immediate needs of the distressed, shows now how little he, too, foresaw the magnitude of the disaster a week ago. It has been said that in the Ohio Valley alone, £60,000,000 worth of damage has already been caused. A great turgid ocean covers a vast area of great cities and prosperous farms, and nothing is seen on the face of the brown waters but the spires of churches, the roofs of the tallest buildings, and huge discs representing submerged gasometers. The devastation which may come to the Mississippi area is still to be learned. For hundreds of thousands of civilised human beings an intolerable period stretches ahead, of life under canvas and in hutments in concentration camps, under military discipline, strictly rationed, without comforts or occupation and with no daily interests beyond the constant struggle to reduce hardships and the trickling in of news and rumour of their own individual losses. We know enough at least to offer all that fellow human beings may of sympathy.

A RUSSIAN TRIAL.

—The great Russian spy trials of recent years have contained in them no single feature which can relate them to criminal trials in Britain or indeed in that part of civilisation where the rights of individuals are still preserved. Seventeen men, several of them eminent in various walks of life, ambassadors, diplomats, writers, and so on, were on trial for their lives on charges of treachery against their country so serious as to be deserving of torture, but at the same time so fantastic as to be unbelievable. To spite Stalin and to get Trotsky back to power, they were charged with having conspired to dismember Russia and hand the spoils to Germany and Japan, and by all means to secure the defeat of Russia for Trotsky's political ambitions and aims, and to leave her remnants a Nazi vassal State. More than half the accused were Jews who, one might think, would not work hard and dangerously to secure Nazi domination in the Heaven they sought to create. But no improbability interfered with the set improbabilities of that trial. According to custom, it was at times conducted with smiles and high good humour and much show of good manners, and at times with melodramatic violence. The accused were in gala dress and rushed to martyrdom. The charges against them, appalling as they were, were all too trivial for the "martyrs," who, panting for punishment, added new charges to their confessions and conveniently widened the field of guilt. The prosecution and the accused worked amicably hand in hand and any form of self-defence was voted bad form. Even Tchekov fails us here. Russian mentality, as revealed in his plays, is no clue to the mentality of Soviet State traitors on trial. It is something unknown to psychology or, as some thought, a gigantic national fraud set forth as a drama for political and international propaganda. Some went so far as to say that the most valued and highest paid actors in this State drama were the accused, and that, when they were taken away to be shot, the process was less painful than when film stars are shot by Press photographers. The best known figures in the dock got off with imprisonment. Perhaps they knew too much; or too little. It is difficult to believe that Karl Radek or Sokolnikoff, in the flower of their manhood, suddenly took on the temperament and intellect of undeveloped children and acted in a manner which would have surprised an alienist in a mad-house. It is one more European puzzle to add to our international mystery arcana. The world is going steadily back to the Dark Ages when one "civilisation" lived unknown on the borders of another, and neither suspected the existence of the other.

AMONG THE HONOURS.

—No safer seat exists than that of Sir Arthur Michael Samuel who was once Financial Secretary to the Treasury and Secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade. His career in minor office covered five years and he has been raised up from baronet to baron. He has sat for the safe Conservative seat of Farnham since 1918 and has usually been unopposed or a 100-1 on chance at elections. So—at first blush—he has had an easy passage to the peerage. But his less advertised services to the State on Committees have been many and useful and he has written and talked much. He has a shrewd head for figures and business. He is the head of the oldest house of purely British Jews in Britain and was a Norwich manufacturer before he took to politics. Many M.P.s and candidates will strive to obtain his seat—it is an armchair. Another baronetcy has gone to the Herberts. Within two years two cadets of the House of Pembroke, Wilton, or Herbert (to speak accurately and inaccurately) have "assumed the bloody hand." Both are bachelors. Sir Sidney Herbert, a cousin of Lord Pembroke, is M.P. for the Abbey Division and now owns lovely Boyton Manor, near Wilton. Colonel George is Lord Pembroke's brother, and is a name to swear by in Wiltshire and Conservative circles. He is also a Gentleman Usher, and well liked at Court. He lives with his mother at Knoyle, also close to Wilton. Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's O.M. is a tribute to one of the greatest books of our time. Adrian Boult's knighthood will please 8,000,000 listeners. The list is not spectacular and contains no more fireworks than it was alleged to conceal.

HITLER BROADCASTS.

—The long awaited Reichstag speech is served and the meat is being digested by Europe. The four years of Hitler's dictatorship and trial are over and the Fuehrer is confirmed in his leadership and not crucified. What emerges clear is that (save in the matter of colonies

WHETHER THE WEATHER BE FINE OR NOT these youngsters, warmly wrapped up in their rugs, vastly enjoy their lessons at Rhubina open-air school, near Cardiff. *On right*—"IT MAY BE YOUR CHILD NEXT" was the grim wording on some of the banners borne by children and their parents when for an hour last Saturday they paraded backwards and forwards along a pedestrian crossing on Westway, Shepherd's Bush, to make clear to the authorities the urgency of imposing the speed limit on this road where already a number of children have been killed or injured on their way to or from school

restoration) the Leader and Germany have packed up their deficiency complex and, as one by one the humiliation clauses of the Versailles Treaty have been abrogated, Germany has emerged as a Great Power on a basis of equality with her peers, to the satisfaction of Germany if not of Europe. And since those who made that Treaty have proved powerless to deal with the abrogations except by moral platitudes and expressions of pain, it is a good thing for Europe that Germany's wounded pride is healed. It has cost Europe years of suffering not to have realised how strong and real that sense of injury and humiliation was, not to have seen that the Germany and the Government on whom the Treaty was forced, bore, in German eyes at least, no relation to the Germany of to-day. It is not the Fuehrer's policy—it is not perhaps in his power—to speak very clearly to Europe. If his words mean anything, his broadcast was not without gleams of hope and even of light. Even for France, he held out an olive branch. He could see no conceivable cause of dispute between the two countries. He reaffirmed his pledges to keep Holland and Belgium as neutral territories and inviolable. To Britain he spoke with especial amiability, and indeed no one in Europe doubts that friendship with Britain is very near to the heart of Germany, and that to cement it Hitler is willing to go some way in co-operation to secure a better understanding in Europe and to isolate the Spanish civil war. He was a little more obscure in his statement of Germany's policy on arms limitation. There can be no clear thinking on the subject until a definition of "defence" is generally agreed. As long as the definition survives that "the best form of defence is attack" an international arms limitation agreement is mere waste of time. He gave no hope of the restoration of the League's efficiency with German help. He had no good word to say for it. But it is something to know (if words mean anything) that Pandora's box of surprises is empty (with the final picking of the bones of Versailles) and that henceforth Hitler will spring no more unpleasant week-end *faits accomplis* on Europe. Ministers will go off on Friday evenings to their Chequers and their country cottages the happier and easier for that assurance. The great broadcast might have been far less satisfactory. If Hitler said very little that is constructive, he might have said more that was destructive and even devastating.

LONDON'S LATEST TEA MART CIVICALLY INAUGURATED: The old rooms in Mincing Lane, where tea has been bought and sold for a hundred years and more, have given place to this new auction room at Plantation House, Fenchurch Street, and last week it was opened by the Lord Mayor, Sir George Broadbridge, who auctioned the first "break" consisting of 200 lb. of rare Orange Pekoe

INVESTMENT TRUST DEBENTURES.

—No doubt the debenture stocks of first-class, pre-war established Investment Trust Companies are among the soundest securities going and might well have been included in the Trustees' list years ago. Indeed it is strange to reflect that, while these are still banned as investments for trusts carrying no specific investment clause, the preference stocks of British railways were available when the darkest days for the railways were clearly signalled. Not many years ago one could (and sometimes happily did) pick up these Investment Trust Debenture stocks to give a yield of 5½ per cent., and latterly we have been distressed periodically to be notified of the paying off of the 5 per cent. and 4½ per cent. issues and their replacement by issues carrying a lower rate. One had one's compensation in capital appreciation and usually transferred one's money to the new issue. But when a Trust Company, having a 4¼ per cent. issue to redeem, replaces it with a 3¼ per cent. issue, offered only just below par (to afford a yield of but £3 6s.), I at least am inclined to kick. It is optimism indeed to anticipate that for the next twenty years such companies can expect to borrow as low as 3¼ per cent. and an example of *hubris*—with the gilt-edged market sagging—that one such should now rank itself a sounder security than a Government loan, and far sounder than a Colonial Government loan. I feel confident I can by waiting buy the new 3¼ per cent. Debenture stock in the market at a price lower than that offered for conversion. It seems to me a Trustee, with a look forward over twenty years, should aim to secure something between 3¾ per cent. and 4 per cent. for his trust moneys, without too great risk of capital depreciation through rising interest rates. I cannot at least believe that borrowing rates will remain as low as at present for two more decades, unless the high hopes of continued trade revival are mere moonshine.

GRETNA MARRIAGES.

—This Gretna business looks very black for me. My great-great-grandfather, Lord Westmorland ("Old Rapid" was his later soubriquet) ran away with Miss Child, the heiress of Child the banker of Fleet Street, and was married at Gretna Green on May 20, 1782. He and Sarah had a run for their money and "Young Rapid" shot down the furious banker's leadhorse when the pursuit became dangerous. Now the committee inquiring into the marriage laws of Scotland seeks to bastardise me. But stay! Lord Brougham steps in with his residential qualification Act which I think saved the reputations of runaway couples of the eighteenth century. Anyway, the blacksmith is totally debunked. "There ain't, and never was, no sich person." He is an advertisement for Gretna, a device to catch tourists and bring fools into a circle off the Great North Road. At the best of it, he is an inn-sign—swinging, as he deserves, in the wind. Scotland, so stern on moralities, has ever been lax in English eyes on the question of marriage. Now the committee proposes a tightening up. Well and good, but any legislation must include a confirmation clause covering the descendants of "Old Rapid." Journalism must be kept respectable.

IS MADRID GODLESS?

—A bevy of devoted clergymen have flown off to Spain under safe conduct to find out at first hand whether the Spain of to-day under the Republican Government be "godless." The party consists of the Dean of Chichester, the Bishop of Gloucester's chaplain, and two Free Church ministers. Without inquiring more exactly into the commission's "terms of reference" and the origins of the investigation, one would say that the expedition is a peculiarly macabre joy-ride or a waste of time and money better expendible in the service of Church and State. Alternatively, it depends, for judgment of its utility, on these clergymen's idea of God. If we believe one-tenth of that part of the news out of Spain which bears some seal of authority, we may reasonably conclude that the present state of Madrid and of half Spain at least is neither pleasing to God, nor a credit to Christianity. And it is difficult to believe that the genius of those in authority in Spain cannot so stage an "arranged" tour of sight-seeing that the Dean and reverend gentlemen will come back to their proper jobs in Britain relieved of their anxiety.

FRUITS OF EDUCATION.

—London's education bill (and the nation's) is steadily rising. The L.C.C. election is at hand and the opposition does not fail to advertise the figures. Maintenance estimates for 1937–8 total £14,000,000 as tabled by the L.C.C. Education Committee and approved. Are the fruits of this expenditure yet showing in bud? When the question of Press intrusion on private grief was raised in Parliament last week, "a voice" declared the contrary opinion. The more we spend, the sillier and more vulgar-minded we appear, externally at least, to make the public mind. The educationists themselves are the first to condemn the age for its love of cheap sensation, its worship of the little tin gods of film land and football field, for its Pantheon of speed kings and stunt-merchants, for its love of queues and cheapjack and litter.

THE OLD STAGER

HAVOC IN AMERI

Tragic Scenes in Cincinnati, Louisvil

IN THE DESOLATED OHIO VALLEY—A VAST INLAND SEA: All that remained visible of an amusement park at Cincinnati after it had been invaded by the turbulent and swollen Ohio River, the water rising to the very tops of the side show buildings and covering the "dips" of the scenic railway. Last week Cincinnati was a paralysed city, with power plants, railway yards factories, and thousands of dwellings in the grip of the floods, but it is now slowly returning to normal

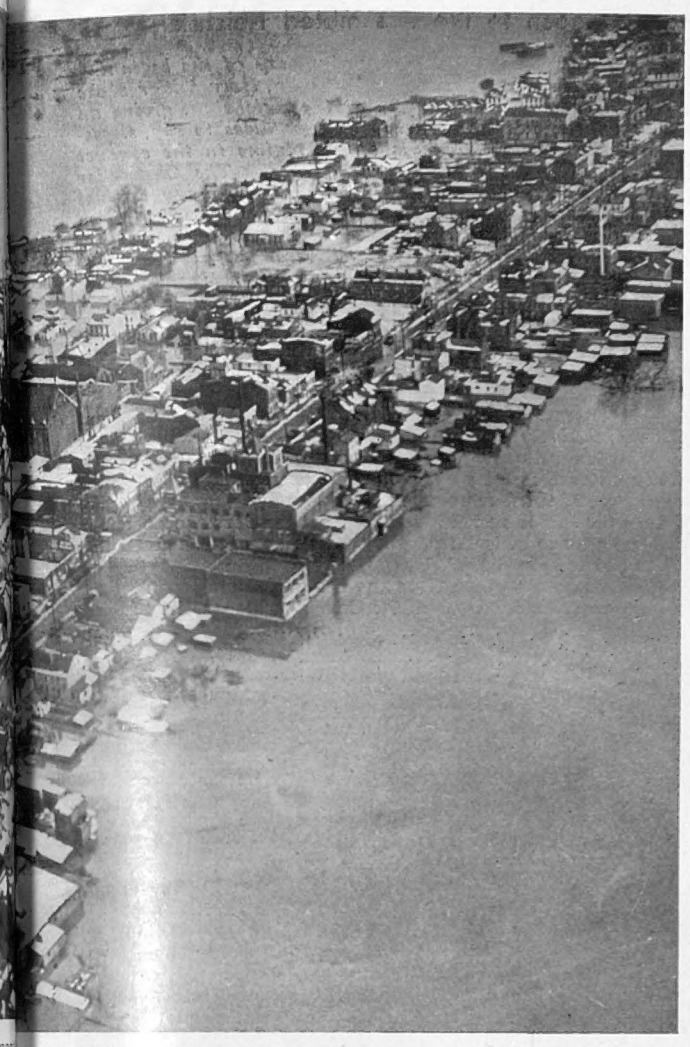
MAROONED: A residential quarter of Cincinn United States, where in the first days of t dislocated. No pure water supply could and had to be boiled before drinking. Fre

FOCAL POINT OF THE NATIONAL TRAGEDY: An impression of an inundated business section of Louisville, Kentucky, where the Ohio River floods were at their worst, rendering 230,000 of the city's 300,000 inhabitants homeless, and causing in the neighbourhood of 200 deaths, many by drowning. Typhoid, which since the beginning of the floods was feared by the health authorities, made its appearance there on January 26, while cases have also been reported of malaria, meningitis, and scarlet fever. The hospitals are filled to overflowing and doctors and nurses are working night and day almost without respite

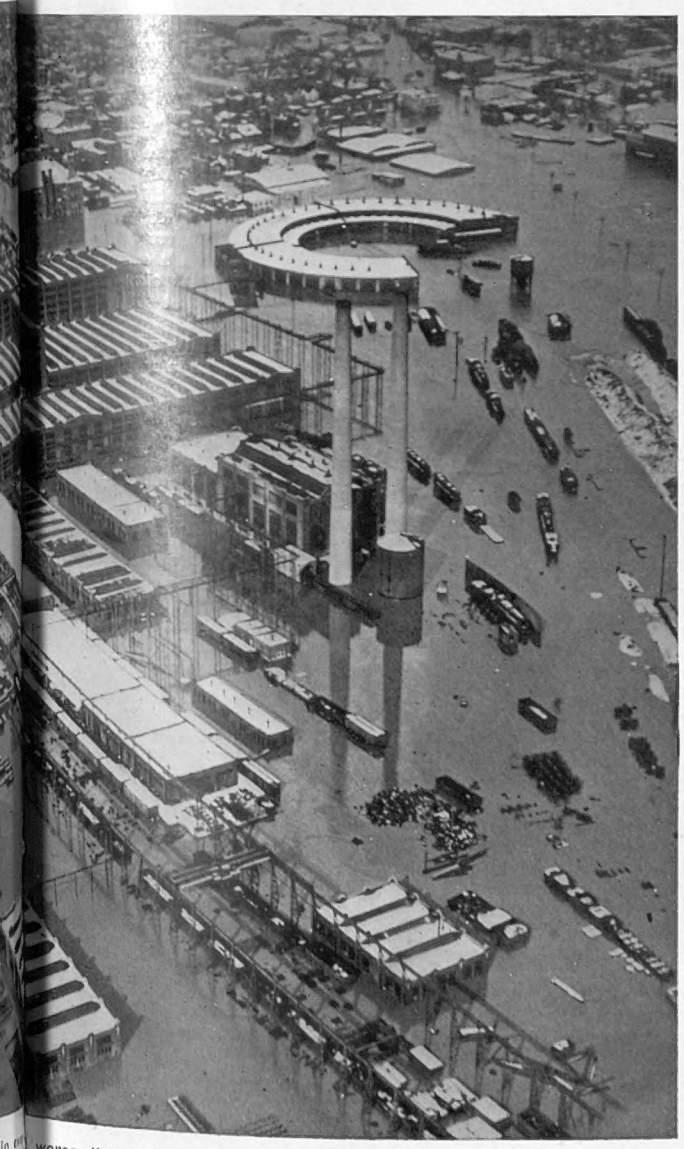
HARD-HIT PADUCAH: This city is now in ex flood-waters approached it this week, swe taries, many of the two-storey houses a was realised in good time, the military a 33,000 to move to higher ground. In

A'S FLOODED MIDDLE WEST

and Other Centres of Population in the Great Ohio Valley

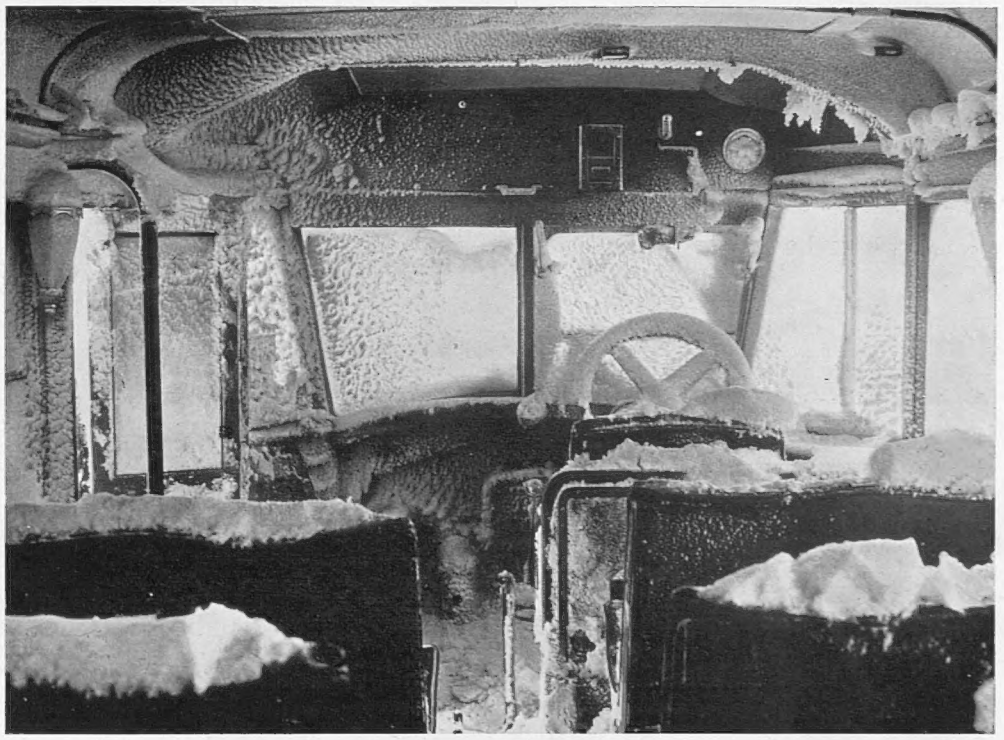


city of over ...00,000 inhabitants and the thirteenth largest in the floods the pe...ple suffered serious hardships and business life was obtained, as ...e 80,000,000 gallons in the reservoirs were polluted which broke o... constantly, were yet another aggravation of the trouble

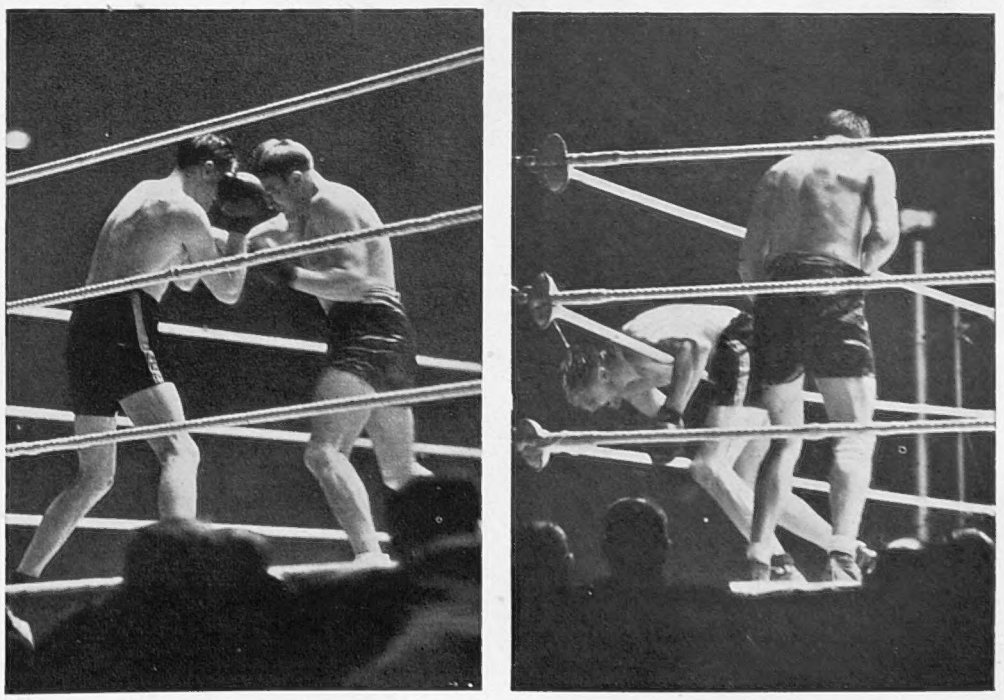


worse plight than the above picture shows for, as the crest of the Ohio to even greater proportions by the Tennessee and Cumberland tributcompletely submerged. Fortunately the full seriousness of the situation rities and Red Cross workers persuading the bulk of the population of States alone the flood damage is now estimated at about £105,400,000

TO RELIEVE THE PRESSURE in the hope of averting the inundation of Cairo, Illinois, the town standing in a highly vulnerable position at the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi, army engineers dynamited breaches in this levee. Millions of gallons flowed through on to the surrounding countryside, but it was expected that this desperate expedient would be the means of saving many lives



LOST IN THE WILDS OF THE WEST: Digging their way through snow drifts from 6 to 8 ft. high, a search party eventually located this omnibus near the top of Porlock Hill after it had been missing for 20 hrs. following the start of a journey from Minehead, Somerset, to Lynton, Devon. As the snow was invading the interior of the bus the driver and one passenger found shelter at a nearby farm



THE BIG FIGHT DRAMA AT HARRINGAY, where last Monday night Jack Petersen (of Wales), former holder of the British and Empire heavyweight titles, fought Walter Neusel (of Germany), who on two previous occasions had beaten the Welshman in gruelling and spectacular contests. *Left*—Exchanging blows at close quarters. *Right*—Petersen leaning over the ropes in a distressed condition just before his seconds threw in the towel when they saw that all chance of victory had vanished

Trouble on the N.W. Frontier

An Outline of the Recent Waziristan Disturbances, and an Historical Note on the Whole Position on India's Turbulent Borderland

By Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn K.C.B., K.C.S.I.

THE operations which have been in progress in Waziristan ever since last year have cost more than the usual number of casualties, and much expenditure of money. The lives lost include three young majors of the Indian army, officers of high reputation; lost at that age when, fully trained but with many years of service still before them, they are most valuable to the nation. A number of some of the finest of the martial races of India have fallen, of whom there are none too many. An unusual number of the frontier scouts, expert at the game, have also lost their lives. This follows on operations in the Mohmand country 100 miles to the north, when that corps of frontier pre-eminence, the Guides, lost two officers and a large number of men.

From the soldier, from the expert in governing, from humanist, from parents and widows, the cry goes up "How long! how long! Is there no way of stopping this frontier curse, which has been with us for nearly a century?" These are very natural questions, in which the taxpayer has also some interest. To answer is not so easy as to ask. Before we try and dissect the question we may just glance at the story of the recent happenings. Owing to the fierce inroads made into the part of India adjoining the frontier by the tribes in 1914–18 an expensive but obviously sound course was adopted. Frontier lorry-roads through the worst areas were to be made, a course only practicable since the coming of petrol. Right through the heart of Waziristan were the roads to go, and a cantonment of mobile troops established at Razmak on a 6,000-ft. plateau. This has now been accomplished for the last fifteen years, with much quieting effect.

Between this advanced cantonment and its great military road and the administrative border lies a long, usually peaceful valley, the Khaisore, whose lofty sides rise many hundreds of feet. The Waziri tribes dwelling therein have been comparatively quiet for years, and have enjoyed service in the levies and Scouts, and in the growing prosperity. In tribal circles however, though the elders favour peace, the young men dream of war, raids, loot, and some excitement. "Young men must live," said Falstaff at Gadshill, "and gore-bellied knaves with fat purses are fair game." That is exactly the opinion of the young tribesman.

The present trouble has been born of these sentiments, added to the complication due to a disreputable little baggage, nominally of the Hindu persuasion. She was abducted by some tribesmen and Hindu opinion grew wrath, while to the British, subjects and citizens good or bad must be protected. The tribal authorities were informed that the lady must be returned, and the young men rose in their wrath. To this ill-winded pirn must come a third ingredient in the shape of a disgruntled religious zealot with an axe to grind, in the shape of the Faqir, or religious zealot, of Impi. "The Holy Faith of Islam was in Danger! Rub-a-dub, Rub-a-bub! Glory for all, and heaven for those who bleed!"

The tribal heads in the Khaisore wanted no trouble, and they suggested that a military demonstration in the valleys would strengthen their hands. Their land lay inside, as said, of the great military road. Accordingly half a brigade from the Tochi, and a whole brigade from Razmak with a mountain battery, would thread the Khaisore with flags flying and meet in the centre. The influence of the Faqir on the hot young blood was too strong for the grey-beards, and young men from other valleys, and outlaws from their nests of vantage, hurried to the scene.

The troops who had been set long marches in difficult country were, contrary to expectation, heavily attacked. Exaggerated rumours of their successes flew round, and lest the whole frontier should catch fire several brigades moved into the area. Government decided that the best solution was a lorry-road from Mir Ali on the Tochi up the Khaisore, to Damdil on the circular road. This costly but important piece of work was at once put in hand, thus lifting the *purdah* or veil of the tribes concerned for ever. To the echo of rifle fire on the hilltops and fierce fighting at the piquets the inexorable road has been cut. Towers have been blown high, hesitating headmen given short shrift, and the work is done. The troops have marched back and the dead buried. "Battez les tambours à petits coups bas, gravez son nom, son numéro," . . . one more nail has been driven in the edifice of the Pax Britannica forged on anvils hot with pain.

Before we can chastise ourselves for frontier failure, let the perspective that lies deep behind us amid the mists of time be envisaged. Let us remember that all Afghanistan for countless centuries was part of the empire of Delhi—that empire that was almost always Turk. From Kabul to Kandahar lies the western road of Afghanistan by the ancient capital of Ghuzni. Between that road and also north again of Kabul lies a great pile of mountains, a detachment from the great massifs of the Pamirs. The people that live in these, possibly Aryan like white India with certain Semite and Arabian admixtures, have never bowed their heads to any prince or ruler. From ancient faiths to Buddhism, from Buddhism to Islam, as that teaching swept over Asia like the roar of a forest fire, from high hills, bitter winters, and hard living, a strange wild set of clans has resulted. Through these mountains a few deep-set passes lead to India, the Khaiber, of gloomy portals dear to the lesser journalist, and usually too dangerous to use, the Tochi, and the Gomal. Down these passes have come all the invaders of India since time was. They fought or paid cess to the mountaineers of the way, but largely they enlisted them and took them to colonise India. But they never ruled the mountains. Delhi might rule on the Indus as well as in Kabul, and Ghuzni, and Kandahar, as it did over Turkestan as far as the Oxus, but it never never ruled the tribal hills.

In the last half of the eighteenth century mighty Delhi was crumbling to dust, and Ahmad Shah the Abdulli, a leader of horse to Nadir Shah the Persian Turk, seized his master's treasure chest when Nadir Shah was murdered, and founded the Afghan or Duranni empire. From the Mogul he took the Punjab Kashmir, Mooltan, and the Trans-Indus Derajat, the "country of the people who live in tents," Kabul, Kandahar, Herat, and Cis Oxus Turkestan. But the frontier hills he could not manage save to summon their young men to join him in his twenty-seven invasions of India.

When Lord Lake came to Delhi in 1803, and rescued the blinded Mogul Emperor puppet from a Mahratta dungeon, the Afghan frontier was still nominally on the Sutlej far below Lahore.

Less than fifty years after, the British became heirs-at-law to the Sikh border. Unlike the Sikhs they liked the frontiersman, rogue and cut-throat though he be. All raids were reduced to local dimensions, but, just as we raised the Black Watch to give the Highland lads a job, so we enlisted many of the tribesmen into various natures of our forces. To quell the mutiny they rode once more to Delhi and Lucknow. The regiments knew them, border levies were formed from them. For many years Afridi-land, the Mohmand hills, and Waziristan were the better from British pay and pension roll.

But for many years the British preserved the close border. The tribes might come over, but they must lodge their arms and behave themselves. No attempt was made to control any of the hill country. That however was a condition that could not last for ever. As the world's trade and civilisation progressed it was absurd that the trade routes from Afghanistan should neither be guarded nor improved, or that caravans must either fight their way through or pay heavy cess. We began to insist that order should be maintained, that life should be reasonably safe. Then arose the question, as to whom the hills and tribes belonged. They had obviously belonged to Delhi, though Delhi dared not interfere. They had equally belonged to Persia and Afghanistan.

In the early nineties the two countries settled between them the Durand Line or frontier. Within that line, across the Indus, it was for the British Government to settle the matter their own way. But annexation and administration meant fierce wars, assassinations, rebellions, all in a country that could pay no revenue and all at the expense of the Indian taxpayer. It could not be done. The tribes were thus left alone, but grew stronger and more reckless in their raiding, and at long last in 1921 the British decided that a big cantonment in the heart of Waziristan and more and more roads for lorries, tanks, trade, or troops with such amenities as travelling dispensaries, would slowly bring about some measure of civilisation.

The enlisted transborder men behaved badly during the great war and the regiments know them no more. But the young men are helped to find work in India driving lorries, etc., and the roads and the advance cantonments have worked considerable improvement. Till petrol came no other experiment seemed worth the expense. Now the only remedy is the extension of roads and amenities. The cheap buses running to such places as distant Wana, to Parachenar, and up the Tochi all bring a measure of civilisation. Threats to bomb mean evacuation of villages by women and children and old folk for snowy beds on the hillside. The women hate this and bring pressure to bear on the young men to behave. It is slowly working. But there is a long road to go, and there seems no other.

What the Fuehrer Said

Points from Herr Hitler's Dramatic Speech to the Assembled Reichstag

Last Saturday, on the fourth anniversary of the beginning of the National-Socialist revolution, Herr Hitler spoke to the assembled members of the Reichstag, giving an account of his stewardship and, needless to say, stressing the accomplishments of his régime in the conduct both of home and foreign affairs. The Chancellor conducted an energetic defence of Germany against criticisms felt to have been addressed to her from abroad and made a direct reply to Mr. Anthony Eden who, it may be remembered, delivered an appeal in the House on January 19 for German co-operation to ensure peace in Europe. The following were outstanding points in the Fuehrer's speech:—

There will be no strikes in Germany or any more lock-outs, because everyone has to serve the interests of the entire nation. . . .

The restoration of Germany's equality of status is an event which exclusively concerns Germany herself. I will deprive the German railways and the German Reichsbank of their former character and place both without reservation under the sovereignty of the Government. . . .

I should like to assure Mr. Eden that we Germans do not in the least want to be isolated, and that we do not feel at all that we are isolated.

The agreement which Germany has made with Japan for the fighting of the movement of the Comintern is a virile proof of how little the German Government is thinking of isolating herself.

ALL GERMANY LISTENS IN: An empty street in Berlin last Saturday during Chancellor Hitler's Reichstag address which was broadcast throughout the country, and to hear which practically the whole population remained indoors. It was noted that this year there was not quite the same rapt attention in restaurants and other public places, although there was no talking during the relay of the speech and the waiters made their way among the tables on tip-toe

Germany, and I solemnly repeat this here, has declared time and again that there can be no humanly conceivable object of dispute whatsoever between Germans and France. . . .

I shall not regret anything that will guarantee to the German people their existence when other nations have perhaps become the victims of Bolshevik infection. . . .

Mr. Eden believes that in future all States should have only that armament which is necessary for their defence.

I must state one thing. The extension of armaments for defence is determined by the degree of dangers which threaten a country, and it alone is competent to judge this.

Germany, at any rate, is happy to have found Italy and Japan to be of the same opinion, and would be still happier if this conviction spread in Europe. . . .

What Mr. Anthony Eden Said

The following are points from the British Foreign Secretary's speech of January 19, to which Herr Hitler made the reply recorded above:—

The future of Germany and the part she is to play in Europe is to-day the main preoccupation of all Europe. Here is a great nation of 65,000,000 people in the very centre of our Continent which has exalted race and nationalism into a creed which is practised with the same fervour as it is preached. All the world is asking at this present time whither these doctrines are to lead Germany, or whither they are to lead all of us.

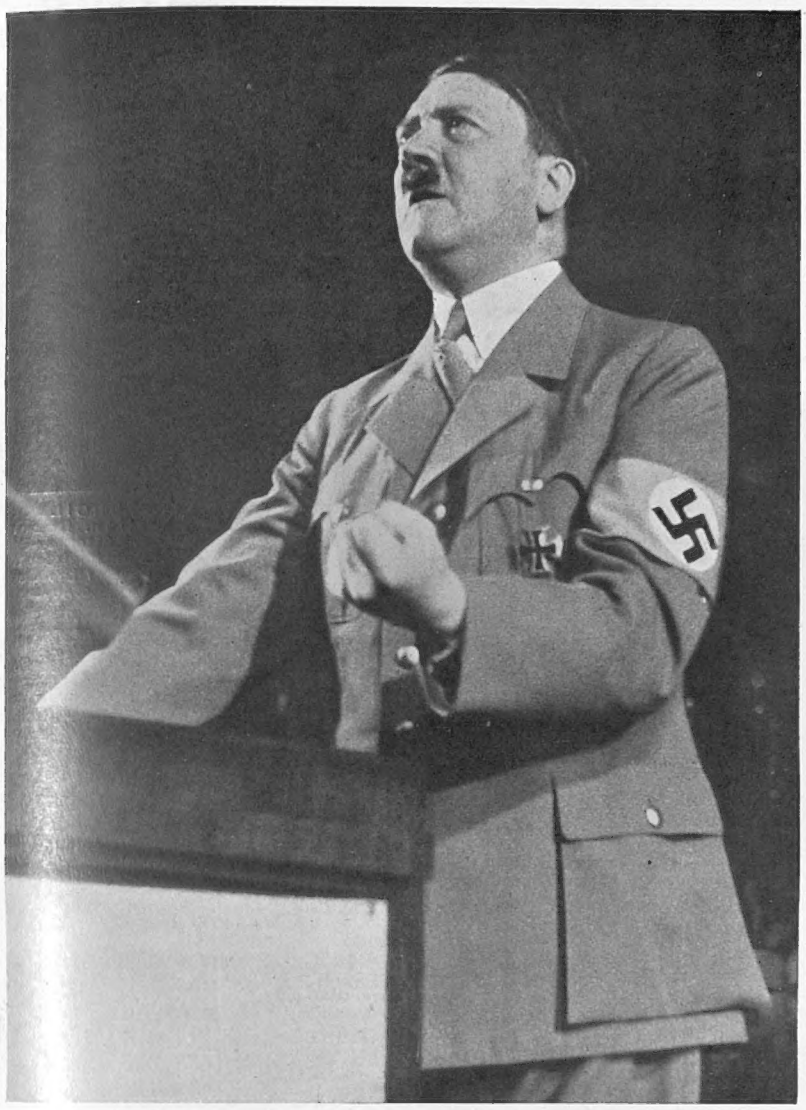
Are they to restore the position of a great Power in the centre of Europe, enjoying the respect of other Powers both great and small and using the manifold gifts of her people to restore confidence and prosperity to a world heartily sick of feuds and antagonisms and ardently desiring to return to normal conditions of work and partnership? Or are they to lead her to a sharpening of international antagonism and of a policy of ever greater economic isolation?

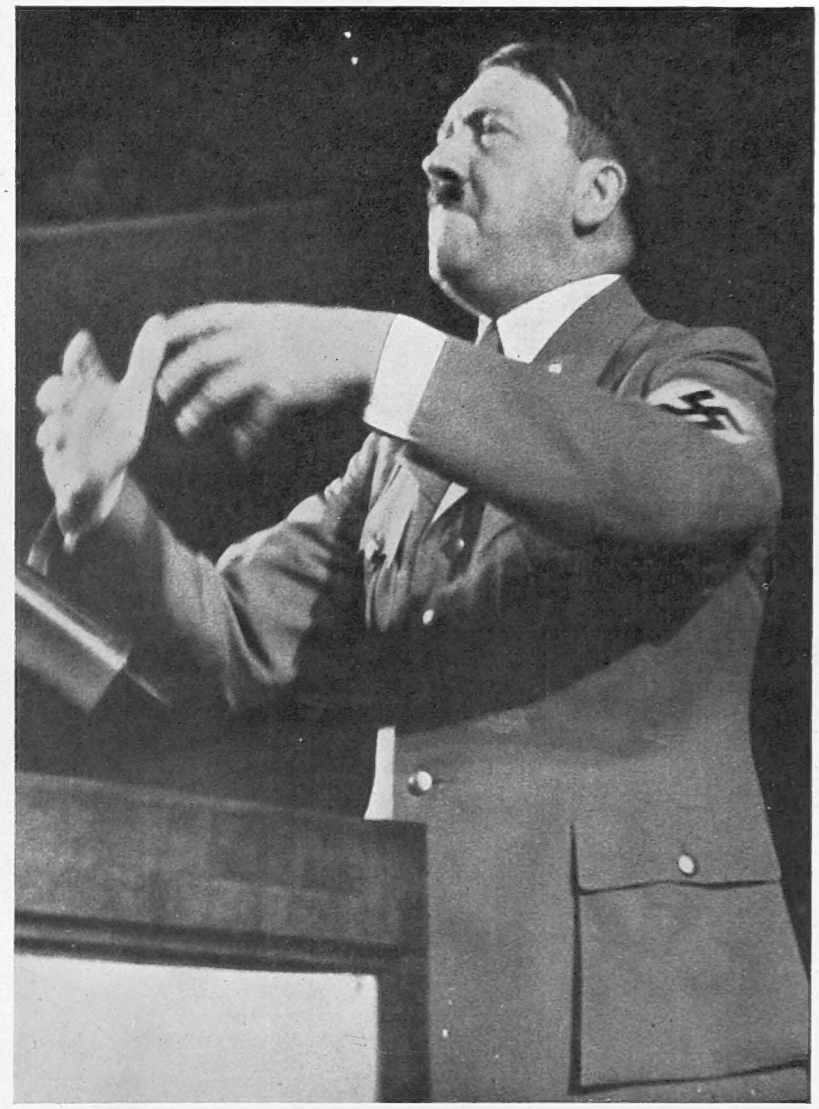
Germany has it in her power to influence a choice which will decide not only her fate, but that of Europe. If she chooses full and equal co-operation with other nations there is no one in this country—nobody—who will not assist whole-heartedly to remove misunderstanding and to make the way smooth for peace and prosperity; but it is idle to imagine that we can cure the evils from which we are suffering by mere palliatives. No mere local remedies will suffice.

There must be no reserve or evasion on the part of any nation, whatever its ideology, whatever form of government it prefers for itself. We cannot cure the world by pacts or treaties. We cannot cure it by political creeds, no matter what they be. We cannot cure it by speeches, however lofty and peace-breathing they may be. There must be the will to co-operate which is unmistakable.

HITLER ADDRESSES THE REICHSTAG AFTER FOUR YEARS OF LEADERSHIP

The Dramatic Speech in which He Summarised Nazi Achievements and Aims, and Again Repudiated German War Guilt





SILVER-TONGUED ORATOR OF THE THIRD REICH: Two characteristic poses of Herr Hitler as he made his dramatic speech to members of the Reichstag in the Kroll Opera House, Berlin, last Saturday on the fourth anniversary of his rise to power when, to all intents and purposes, he gave an account of his stewardship, seeking a mandate for another four years of office and, in addition, stating his views on foreign affairs, touching in the course of his remarks on Germany's need for colonies and her repudiation of the vital war-guilt clause in the Treaty of Versailles. During the address work throughout the country stopped and the entire nation listened to the Chancellor. For the occasion thousands of loudspeakers were installed in offices, factories, shops, cinemas, and in public squares

MARCH OF THE "HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE": The Fuehrer and Chancellor (left) as he stood in his open car in front of the Chancellory in the Wilhelmstrasse and reviewed three thousand of his bodyguard of Storm Troops—a select corps, every member of which is over 6 ft. tall. This was the first of many important events on Anniversary Day in Berlin last Saturday when the whole city was en fête

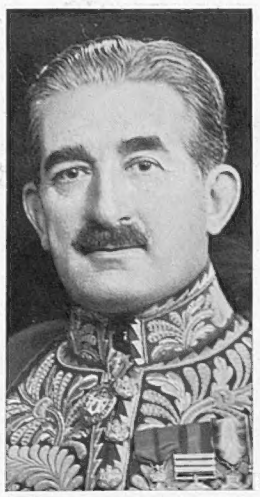
WITH THE TEMPERATURE AT 16 DEG. BELOW FREEZING POINT the crowds, waiting in the streets to catch a glimpse of the Fuehrer as he drove to the Reichstag, gathered round the welcome warmth of coke braziers on which they made tea

Some of the New Peers, Baronets, Knights, and Recipients of other Dignities

The King's First Honours List

Services to Music, History, Banking, the Law, and Medicine Recognised

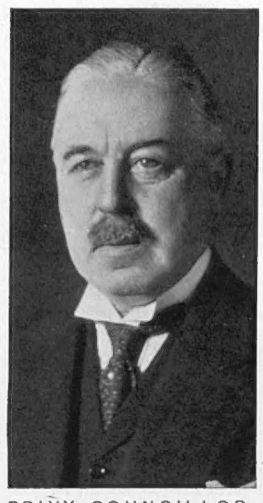
VISCOUNT: Lord Greenwood, Treasurer of the Conservative party, advanced to a viscounty in recognition of public services



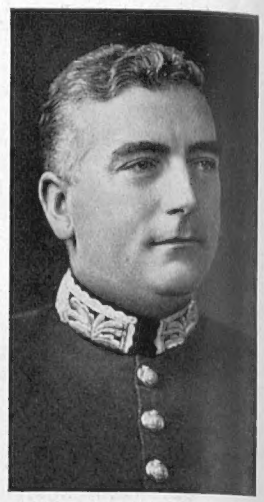
BARON: Major Sir George Hennessy, Bt. former Treasurer of H.M. Household and M.P. for Winchester 1918—1931, receives a barony

BARON: Sir Harry McGowan, K.B.E., chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries and director of other industrial concerns

BARON: Sir Arthur Michael Samuel, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, November 1927 to 1929. For political and public services



PRIVY COUNCILLOR: Major-General Lord Hutchison, Paymaster-General and the chairman of the Liberal National organisation



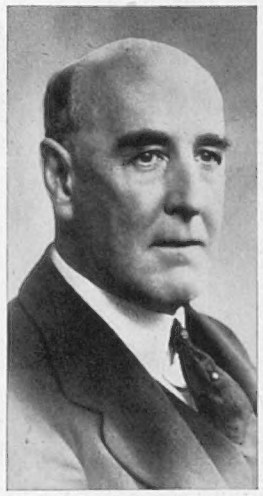
PRIVY COUNCILLOR: The Hon. Robert Menzies, Attorney-General and Minister for Industry of the Commonwealth of Australia

BARONET: Sir Derwent Hall Caine, son of the late Sir Hall Caine and Labour Member of Parliament for the Everton Division of Liverpool from 1929 to 1931

BARONET: Colonel the Honourable George Sidney Herbert who has done much work for the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations

BARONET: Sir William Clare Lees, Managing Director of the Bleachers Association, is honoured for services to the cotton and artificial silk industries

BARONET: Major Sir Henry Edward Lyons played an important part in forming the Liberal National Party. He received a knighthood four years ago



BARONET: Robert Rankin, Member of Parliament for the Kirkdale division of Liverpool since 1931. Recognised for political and public services in Lancashire

BARONET: Malcolm Stewart son of the late Sir Halley Stewart, the philanthropist, was recently Commissioner for the Special Areas, England and Wales

MUSIC: Dr. Adrian Boult, Director of Music of the British Broadcasting Corporation; receives a knighthood

BANKING: Nigel Leslie Campbell, Director of the Bankers' Industrial Development Company; a knighthood

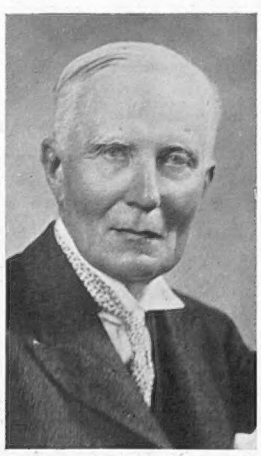
STATE FINANCE: J. H. Morris Jones, M.P. for Denbigh and Lord Commissioner of Treasury; a knighthood

MEDICINE: Ernest Kaye Le Fleming, Chairman of the Council of the British Medical Association; a knighthood

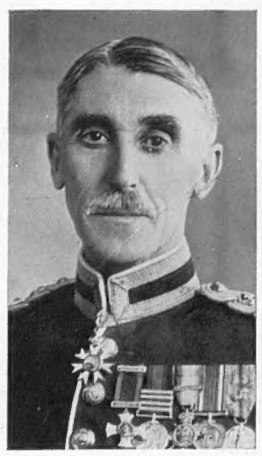
DIPLOMACY: Sir Miles Lampson, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at Cairo; G.C.M.G.

LAW IN THE NEAR EAST: Judge Richard Vaux, President of the Mixed Court of Appeal, Egypt; a knighthood

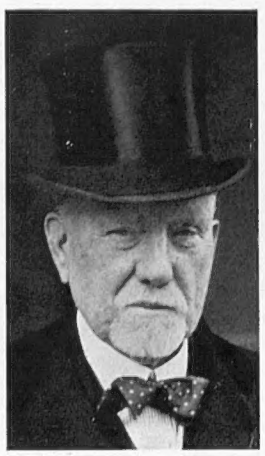
EDUCATION: Henry Thomas Tizard, Rector of the Imperial College of Science and Technology; Knight Commander of the Bath



HISTORY: The Rt. Hon. Herbert Albert Laurens Fisher, Warden of New College, Oxford and eminent historian; the Order of Merit



MILITARY: Colonel (Temporary Brigadier) Henry Coventry Maitland Makgill Crichton, Aide-de-Camp to the King; C.B. (Military)



THE SEA: Lord Runciman, father of Mr. Walter Runciman, appointed Honorary Commodore, Royal Naval Supplementary Reserve

NURSING: Miss Evelyn Fox, Honorary Secretary Central Association for Mental Welfare; Commander of the British Empire

AVIATION: Squadron Leader Francis Swain who regained for Britain the world aeroplane altitude record; Air Force Cross

THE FLUTE PLAYER: A superb example of the vitality of Etruscan wall painting photographed by L. F. Thompson, A.R.P.S., in the tomb of Triclinio; one of the finest relics in the necropolis near Tarquinia, Central Italy. It forms part of a great mural depicting a banquet, and although such a work might seem to the casual visitor to be out of place in a tomb, it should be remembered that it merely typifies the Etruscan belief in an Elysium of sunshine, flowery meadows, and perpetual gaiety. The whole work shows unmistakable signs of Greek influence

Gems of Ancient Italy

A Superb Etruscan Mural and a Rare Vase of Pelasgian Origin

THE beautiful vase illustrated on the right is called a Trozella, the name deriving from an old Latin word formerly used for rope, as the elegant form of the handles is supposed to represent how they would appear if made of rope and then pulled up from a well. The vase was found buried in the ground on an estate about seven miles from Lecce, the chief town in Apulia, the "Heel of Italy," that part of the peninsula known in ancient times as Messapia. The vessel, made of delicate biscuit-coloured paste, stands 8¼ ins. high to the top of the handles and is in perfect condition without crack or chip. The date of the piece is not later than 400 B.C., and may well be much earlier, for it is certainly of Pelasgian origin and was possibly made at the famed Rudiae pottery factory. Professor Della Seta in his book *Italia Antica* expressly mentions this type as Pelasgian, stating that it was entirely uninfluenced by the Greeks who came to this part of Italy in 300 B.C., while Dr. McIver, another authority, lays stress on the fact that the pattern of the handle is peculiar to the Rudiae region. It is generally believed that the Pelasgians settled in Messapia after the fall of Troy and that they were the first invaders of Italy, bringing their early developed civilisation from the Aegean. Messapia is rich in antiquities and the visitor to Lecce should also make a point of going to Roca, a solitary place on the sea-shore some 14 miles distant. The ruins there consist largely of tombs and of defence works which some 2,000 years after they were built bore the brunt of the great Saracenic invasion of Italy in 1480.

H. C. S.

UNTOUCHED BY THE HAND OF TIME: A Trozella brought to light in perfect condition at Lecce, Apulia, Southern Italy. It dates from not later than 400 B.C.

"BRIMFUL" OF HAPPINESS! Typical members of Los Angeles' vast Mexican quarter, which, although not generally known to people living outside North America, has a population of very nearly 300,000 Mexicans, representing a quarter of the city's entire population of 1,200,000. Their presence in such numbers is natural in view of the fact that Los Angeles was once capital of the Mexican province of California, and to-day lies close to the Mexican border

CONTRASTS of LOS ANGELES

The Southern Californian Metropolis and its Mexican Population

New York has its negro quarter—famed Harlem; San Francisco has its China-town; and Los Angeles has its Mexican population living apart in its own quarter and living a life totally different from the common run of citizens. As Los Angeles is only three hours' rail journey from the Mexican frontier it has in course of time become the chief reservoir in the United States for the stream of emigrants from the south who find in progressive America opportunities denied them at home. The emigrants still retain their architecture, their manners, and customs and the tourist chancing to stroll through their "reserve" may momentarily enjoy the illusion that he is in Mexico City itself

A GREEN BELT IN THE HEART OF THE BUSINESS SECTION: Westlake Park, with its broad expanse of water and tropical trees, is one of the beauty spots of Los Angeles and provides an example of commendable foresight in town planning. At mid-day the grassy sward is thronged with office workers who are fully appreciative of the park's proximity to their places of business. The city has grown extraordinarily of recent times and in a period of less than thirty years has about quadrupled in size

THE GREAT QILA OF ALEPPO: The fifteenth-century fortress rising high above this Syrian city—a city that to-day has a new importance, lying as it does, on the increasingly frequented overland route from Europe into Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. The lattice-work windows mark the quarters of the commander of the Qila and lower down across the façade are carved quotations from the Koran

ISLAM TO-DAY

Will Damascus or Some Other City of the Near East Become the Focal Point of a Re-awakened Faith and a New Spirit of Race Unity?

ONE of the most lamentable and persistent results of the great war has been its power to confuse clear issues and to obscure tendencies and movements firmly based in the history of the many centuries that preceded it; until, to-day, we are led to believe that the slow and logical development of nations and their policies between the Middle Ages and 1914 are matters for the dust-heap—cast there at the bidding of a world-wide catastrophe the effects of which have upset every antecedent value and definition.

One of the major definitions which has never hitherto received sufficient recognition is the fact that any authoritarian Oriental or semi-Oriental religion—and in this we include religions since Westernised but Oriental in remote beginnings and in much of their surviving outlook—adheres rigidly to the primitive concept of temporal and territorial power as the outward symbol and indispensable adjunct of a spiritual hegemony. With no more than a passing glance at the fact that it was this one tendency to materialise Christianity that brought about the two for ever antagonistic divisions of Western religion, we may apply the definition direct to Islam and find how logically it fits the present apparent *dégringolade* of an active and militant faith which for close on a thousand years has been the only serious rival to Christianity.

Constantinople and Rome. The two great capitals of the Western world. What Jerusalem was to Rome so, in exact measure, were the Holy Places of the Hedjaz to the outward and visible power on the Bosphorus. So long as the twin ownership persisted, Islam, however decadent might be its representative at the centre, still held unchallenged power over the minds and actions of a large portion of the human race. To-day, we find Islam shorn of its traditional Khalifate, split into almost innumerable, often purely local, sub-divisions ranging from the aggressive puritanism of the Arab Wahabis at one end to the easy and pliant faith—if faith it can still be called—of Angora and Teheran. Much of the old fervour still persists at the outer fringes, and the pilgrims to Mecca tend evermore to be men of long journeys from distant lands to which the collapse at the centre has been slow to penetrate. The potential of a religion that for centuries exerted absolute power over the thoughts, impulses, and vigorous actions of its adherents in this world and their future in the next, is slow in evaporating and may yet remain to us; changed, but strengthened past telling.

We need throw the memories of many of us no further back than 1908, when the Young Turks set going a series of events that, great war or not, have

(Continued on page 200)

"THERE THE FOUNTAINS SPLASH AND RIPPLE": The courtyard of a rich Jew's home in Damascus

ISLA

(Continued from previous page)

directly resulted in what we find to-day. There were some keen and logical brains among those young iconoclasts. Possibly the keenest and clearest in outlook was, and is, that of the single survivor of the inner camarilla, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, at whose apparent bidding the ancient religio-political structure has fallen apart and is to-day wandering in confused and anything but concentric circles. He, however, had the logical conviction on which to build action. There are those who tell us that even had the outcome of the great war been otherwise, his hardboiled materialism would have travelled the same road. Nothing like it. Whatever his personal prestige, it could, unaided, never have undermined the structure of centuries. But when in 1919 he found Constantinople untenable and the power over the Sacred Places vanished, the logic of the situation was to him unanswerable. Islam had lost its geographically central power. Mecca and Medina had passed out of the keeping of the Khalifa. The essential foundations had been cut from under the territorial power of the Faith. The Faith, then, must go; and the outlying margins might look to themselves.

If only for the full understanding of a foreseeable future, at the risk of repetition it is well once more to underline the definition with which we began; that no religion claiming authoritarian power over its adherents can hope to survive in its fullest expression unless it owns—or at least refuses to abandon its claim to—a temporal and geographically centralised seat of government. The concept may be Oriental in its outlook, but loses none of its force for that.

What comes next—the tendencies to the thinnest end of a wedge already apparent—can only be understood if, with full value given to the logic of history, we turn to the present and gather in many floating threads.

Islam is by no means dead. The circles may be drifting, but there is not a tangent among them; no centrifugal disintegration which will fling them ever wider apart, to finish by evaporating into thin air. Centralised geographical power wielded by a strong hand may yet draw the wanderers home again and consolidate a system of practical ethics to which civilisation—quite frankly—owes far more than to the Greek influences let loose in the fifteenth century by the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. In their heyday, the Arabs made a Golden Age to which Christianity for long had little by comparison to offer. There are many—the writer among them—who regard the evicting of materially powerful Islam from Spain as one of the two major catastrophes of the Western world: the remote source from which, long afterwards, arose that ethical breakdown without which the second greatest tragedy, the French Revolution, would have had neither foundation nor ancestry.

Tradition and history bulk larger in the East than in the West. And nowhere is this veneration for the past greater than among those whose pride of ancestry is the most deep-rooted—the Arabs. Within the last ten years we have seen the effects of a revival, born in the desert where tradition, simplicity, and a certain aggressive obstinacy go hand in hand. Ibn Saud has succeeded in gathering together under the puritanical Wahabi standard the tribes whose antagonisms were so hard to reconcile—in which, indeed, Lawrence, farther north, found his greatest problem. The first-fruits of the Wahabi movement have been the tidying-up and purifying of the sophisticated materialism which had descended on the Holy Places, now once more cleaned and spiritualised. Concurrently, and proving—if proof be needed—that Islam is no dead faith, the cleansing influence has infected the great Arab centres of thought to the northward. A united Arabia to the south is rapidly drawing into its orbit what for lack of a better word we may call Lawrence's Tribes. Transjordania out in the desert, feels the stirring. Iraq, once more autonomous, has to-day what Feisal, son of a Hussein still somewhat singed by Ibn Saud's cleansing fires, could never give it—a renewed Arabia-wards orientation. The squabble between Hebrew and Arab in Palestine is, to all present appearances, grossly and demonstrably materialistic; but the forces behind it go infinitely further afield. The French, in Syria—experts in Islam to an extent that we English can never hope to equal—have recognised these forces and are in present process of surrendering, with all appearance of Gallic graciousness, a land for the possession of which they might otherwise shortly have had to fight in grim earnest.

A long shot? If there is any merit in demonstrable history, the events of the next few years will prove it. The Arab nation is consolidating

TRADERS ALL: A scene in the cloth market below the wa[ll] spectacle than those of Damascus, are full of colour [and]

M TO-DAY

"Centralised Geographical Power May Yet Bring Another Golden Age to a Faith that is By No Means Dead"

STATES OF THE LEVANT: A sketch map of the region which is discussed in the accompanying article in view of its potentialities as a focal point of Islam and which has also been looming large in the news owing to the Alexandretta dispute. Syria, Lebanon, and Latakia are now self-governing republics

and concentrating. The forces turn ever inward towards a common centre.

Now it is one of the paradoxes of modern world history that the age of steam, which by land and sea has for so long dispossessed the ancient trade routes, is rapidly surrendering its hold. The cumbersome, expensive, hill-and-river-hampered rail is falling into disuse; and wherever communications are being opened or renewed, the road is taking its place. We are on the threshold of an age when trade-routes immemorially old are coming by their own again. Damascus, Palmyra, Samarkand, Balkh, Bokhara, Kashgar, Yarkand, Lanchow and Peking; the old beads awake and stir on the silken cord, as men's fingers grope for them once more and set them moving. Timbuktu, a name for distance: Mesopotamia, a word of blessing—equally and delightfully vague, and to-day all but week-end realities. The old pilgrim routes, where to-day the crowded charabanc scatters dust on the whitened muddle of plundered bones by the wayside. The very Khyber, every yard of whose thirty miles of ingress and egress from the richest land of this earth is a mosaic of history. To-day? A lorry and three gallons of petrol. Even to the newest, rawest colonies of our Empire the new force is penetrating; areas in which, within our living memories, a single line of rail spanning a continent was hailed as something miraculous, to-day, that rail goes hat-in-hand to the roads, and the commerce-traffic of the roads, that run alongside it. Even here, in the centre of the civilised world, Britain.

Two thousand years ago Syria, its capital at Damascus, its adjacent sea-outlets, was the distributory to the West of all the riches of the East: the end of the Silk Route, the entrepôt of everything that men, westward, valued above what their raw immediate surroundings could produce. Indispensable as it was, its isolation and sterilisation by the Muhammadan conquests produced that impulse to sea-route exploration that gave birth to Vasco da Gama's great outflanking voyage to the East; and, as a direct consequence, the parallel India-ward voyages by which Columbus discovered the New World; so great was the importance of Damascus, and its power. The direct and logical bearing on history of that Syriac terminus was incalculable. Its revival to full world-force may not be to-morrow; but to those with the patience and vision to take the long view, to whose tradition-ridden minds even a century is a matter of no great moment, its axial importance is beyond question.

CRYSTAL PALACE OF THE EAST: One of the great bazaars of Damascus which consist of long, roofed-in avenues, each devoted to some special trade. Here every day, and at all hours of the day, come people of many a race and tongue—proud sheiks from the desert, Druses from the Lebanon, fellaheen from the grainfields of the Hauran, and Greek, Armenian, Turk, and European tourists in a vivid, ever-moving chattering throng

...f Aleppo's citadel. The bazaars of Aleppo, though a lesser ...animation, reflecting the vast commercial activity of this city

Let it once be realised that the riches of the earth are within calculable distance of once more being road-borne, and the matter ceases to be one of conjecture. Then, logically, Syria and its capital city will resume a power and importance to which even historical Constantinople and Rome will take second place. Geographically central, in riches and importance supreme, a re-awakened Islam could hardly find a more inevitable, a more essential, centre for that temporal and obvious power on which its revival must, in its very nature, hinge.

Whether the man, the time, and the place will coincide, has yet to be seen. Already we have seen Kemal descending from his mountains to take an active hand in the developments immediately following the French autonomisation of Syria. Islam or none, he could hardly remain a passive spectator of events developing in that same Damascus the ownership of which Lawrence held out as such a powerful bait to his Arabs; the compulsory reversal of whose formal promise did so much to sour him against those who had compelled him to break his word. The growing inward Arab movement may yet force the dictator of Turkey into the position of head of a secularised, but none the less effective, Islam whose geographical centre will grow increasingly in power and importance as modern tendencies develop to a conclusion which only a logical mind like his could properly appreciate: and, appreciating, extend to a wider, stronger, Islamic regeneration than any the world has yet witnessed.

"Now these, her princes, are come home again." Nor shall they easily leave it.

That developments in the Levant need affect us adversely is unthinkable. The sea-leading and commercially greatest power in the world is hardly one that a growing Arab power can afford to antagonise. All else apart, the Egypt-Palestine group is the Clapham Junction of our imperial air routes; and, whatever solution we may impose on the present racio-commercial Judaeo-Arab squabble, we cannot afford, in the light of growing air-importance, to abandon it. In truth, Palestine was never very much Arab; nor could the ports of its seaboard ever hope commercially to carry the weight of trade turnover foreseeably to develop farther north. The Arabs, in return for our sympathetic outlook elsewhere, may well afford to let it go.

As for a powerful and homogeneous Arab hinterland, the genius of our race has ever found its best in close sympathy with a virile nation. A revival of Islam can spell nothing but strength to our position to the south and east; and the essential gentleman in the Arab himself is a thing that brings him very close to our inmost respect and affections. The new Arab Nationalism, consolidated in the great triangle the points ofwhich are the Bosphorus, Aden, and the western borders of Persia, for the next fifty years may well be glad of a powerful patron. And who betterthan the British who, however unlovable, are at least reliable and just?

"Mauser"

CHAMPION OF HIS PEOPLE: The Mufti of Jerusalem (left) pictured outside the offices of the Royal Commission on Palestine after he had opened the case for the Arabs by making a testimony notable for its downright attitude. He said that the Arabs were much happier under the Turks than under the British Mandate, and urged that the Mandate should be terminated, being replaced by a treaty of alliance like that between Britain and Iraq

BRITAIN BRINGS WATER TO PALES

Scenes During the Construction of the 35-mile Aqueduct Planned

REFRESHMENT FOR A PARCHED LAND: Fixing pipes near Ras-el-Ain, the starting point of the Jerusalem aqueduct. It lies inland from Jaffa

IN THE STEPS OF THE CAESARS: *Below on left and right*—Two wells dating from Roman times which have been adapted to supply the pumping stations that take the water along the great Palestinian aqueduct

KEEPING WATCH ON THE UNFINISHED PIPE LINE: A picture taken during the Arab campaign of violence, when watchmen kept guard at frequent intervals along the route, as the authorities feared sabotage

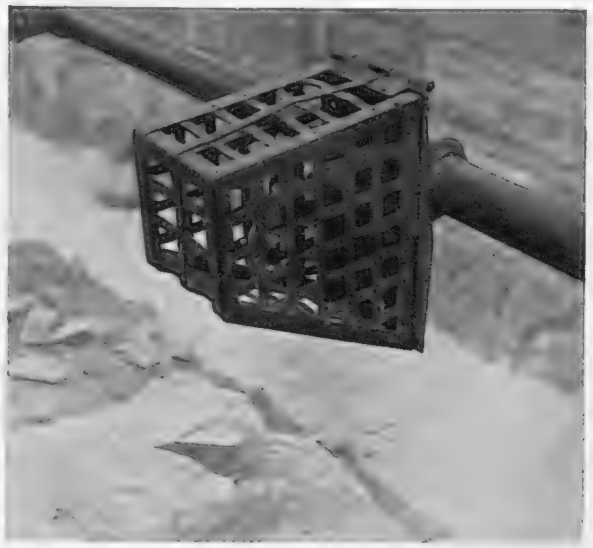
WITH AN EYE TO THE FUTURE: The pumping stations have been so built that they are not readily discernible from the air and to a certain extent merge with the surroundings. Along some sections of the route the pipes run underground

TINE'S THIRSTY CAPITAL

to Satisfy Jerusalem's Greatest Need

CUTTING THROUGH THE WILDERNESS: Workmen engaged in laying a pipe in a trench on another section of the route

THIS DESERT PUMPING STATION has equipment for pumping 3,000,000 gals. a day in normal conditions and for dealing with another 3,000,000 gals. should the necessity arise. The whole system in many ways bears a resemblance to the great Iraq pipe line running from the oil fields of Mosul to the twin Eastern Mediterranean ports of Haifa and Tripoli

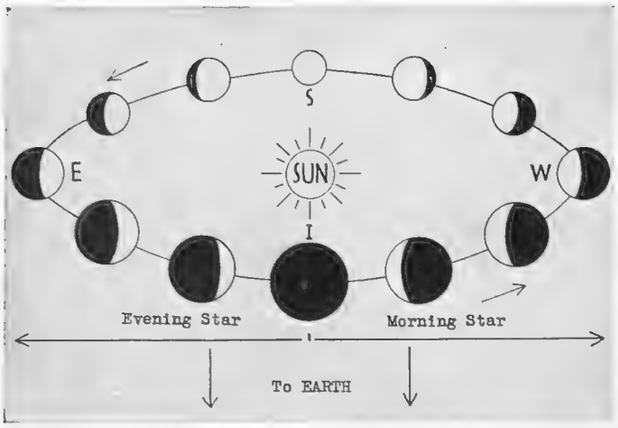


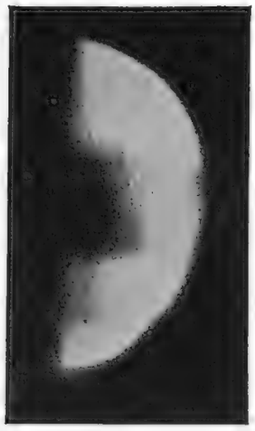
EVERY PRECAUTION: *Left*—A tap in the pipe line caged so that no unauthorised person can tamper with it. Only one example of the manner in which the system has, as far as possible, been rendered breakdown proof. *Right*—An armed watchman in charge of Arab workmen. About 8,000 people were employed on construction

SETTING UP PUMPING APPARATUS in one of the five pumping stations so far erected

ARAB ENGINEERS AT WORK cutting a pipe to the correct measurement before placing it in position. A scene at Ras-el-Ain, starting point of the great aqueduct which traverses mountains, valleys, and plains on its way to Jerusalem. Ras-el-Ain is an important centre on the Lydda-Haifa railroad and stands on the site of the ancient Antipatris

At long last Jerusalem has an efficient water supply and the new pipe-line, seen in these pictures in course of construction, ensures that there will be no serious shortage even in the rainless months. The pipe-line is 35 miles in length, its starting point being at Ras-el-Ain in the neighbourhood of Jaffa. En route it supplies many of the towns and villages, meeting a need that has been vitally felt ever since the settlement of the country began to take place on an extended scale. The work has cost in the neighbourhood of £370,000

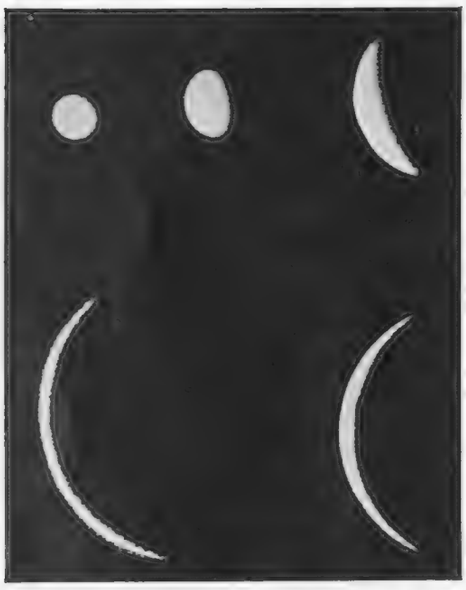




THE PHASES OF VENUS AS SEEN FROM THE EARTH: *Left*—The planet passes through phases like the moon and in this diagram it is shown in its various positions as a morning and an evening star. Its greatest "elongation" east of the sun occurs on February 5 (point E) and its greatest "elongation" west on June 27 (point W). At point I on April 18 it attains inferior conjunction with the sun. *Right*—A reproduction from an ultra-violet photograph of Venus taken from Mount Wilson Observatory. The dusky markings are situated high up in the planet's atmosphere

A Planet Glows in the Western Sky

Venus Now Entering on its Brightest Phase of the Year



AN EVER-CHANGING CELESTIAL OUTLINE: This composite photograph made at the Lowell Observatory, Arizona, shows how the apparent size of Venus varies according to the phase—whether full, gibbous, or crescent. At the full phase Venus is 160,000,000 miles from the earth, but when a thin crescent only 26,000,000 miles

IN the western sky about sunset a brilliant star can be seen when the sky is clear, or there are rifts in the clouds. This bright object is the planet Venus, the brightest of all the planets. It appears so bright because the planet, which is nearer to the sun than the earth is, passes periodically quite near (astronomically speaking) to the earth, and being covered with "clouds" is a bright reflector for the sunlight illuminating it. Thus Venus, like the earth, is very unlike any of the stars which are vastly bigger, remotely distant in space, and shine by their own emitted light.

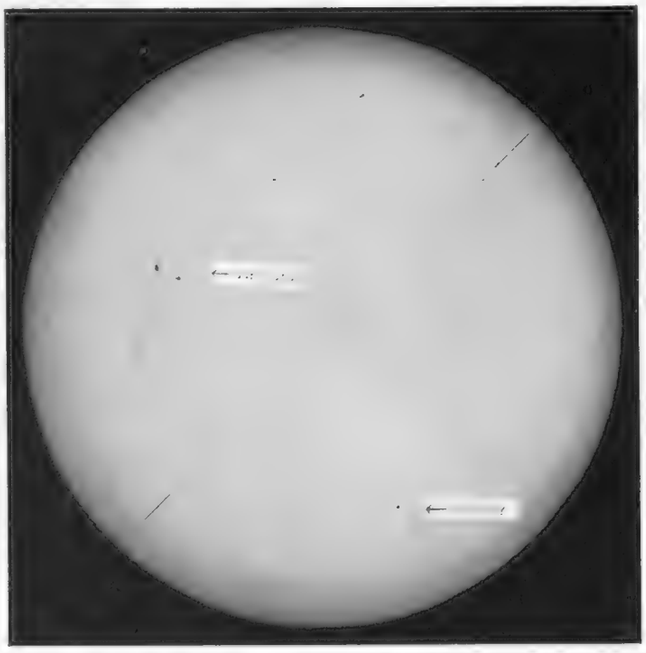
In early February Venus is at its maximum distance (47 deg.) after the sun, which sets 4½ hours before the planet. After this turning point, Venus continues for a while to grow even brighter until March 12, when its brightness to the eye will be more than ten times that of the brightest star, Sirius, which can now be seen in a southerly direction at 9 p.m. The planet should be a beautiful sight near the crescent moon on February 14 and again on March 15. Still drawing nearer to the sun's position, Venus will become less bright, and in mid-April will pass from view as an evening star to re-emerge on the opposite side of the sun as a morning star from May to November.

That the bright evening and the morning star were one and the same heavenly body was known to the early Greek philosophers, but it was not until the telescope was invented about 1610 that Galileo discovered that the planet passes through phases like the moon. The annexed diagram illustrates how these phases result from the fact that Venus revolves in an orbit around the sun, its orbit being within that of the earth. The time for Venus to make one complete revolution around the sun is 225 days, but as seen from the earth, which is also travelling round the sun in the same direction, any particular phase (such as "new-moon") is not repeated for 584 days.

If the plane of the orbit of Venus were exactly in the same plane as that of the earth, then at every new-moon phase of Venus we should see the planet crossing over the sun's disk as a dark speck. The planes of the orbits do not, however, coincide, and "transits" of Venus are rare occurrences, the last taking place in 1882, and the next being due to take place in 2004.

Another illustration shows the great difference in apparent size of the planet at the times of its various phases. The brilliancy of Venus, as seen from the earth, will depend partly upon its distance from us and partly upon the magnitude of the phase. The circumstances giving the greatest brightness are found to occur about one month after the planet has passed its greatest eastern "elongation" as an evening star and

(*Continued on page 222*)



THE TRANSIT OF MERCURY: A picture taken at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, on November 7, 1914, as the planet appeared in front of the sun's disk, thus providing a remarkable comparison in size. Mercury has a diameter of 3,000 miles as compared with the 864,000 miles of the sun. Such "transits" are infrequent, but in the case of Venus they are even rarer still, the next being due in A.D. 2004

The Navy's Coronation Review

A Display of Britain's Might that will be very Different from its Predecessors

By LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENNETH EDWARDS

A Royal review of the Fleet in Spithead has become a traditional part of the celebrations attending the coronation of a British sovereign. This year the Fleet is to be reviewed at Spithead on May 20. Tradition, locality, and programme will be the same as for former Coronation reviews. But this review will be very different from its predecessors, in that, instead of being a review of the greater portion of the Royal Navy, it will be a review of only a small part of it.

That is not to say that there will not be a large number of ships assembled at Spithead. The lines will be long, but they will consist to a very large extent of small vessels such as destroyers, submarines, and auxiliaries. The extent to which small ships will dominate the warship lines during the review is not yet precisely known, but the tendency is one which has persisted since the post-war years gave rise to treaties of naval limitation. At the Jubilee naval review of King George V in 1935 there were 157 warships present, of which only nine were capital ships and seventeen cruisers. At the last naval review which King George had held, in 1914, there had been present 200 British warships among which there were fifty-nine capital ships and fifty-five cruisers.

To-day we are free of treaties of naval limitation and are busily engaged in setting our defences to rights. But the fruits of these efforts will not be "on view" at Spithead in May. The truth of the matter is that, while the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* is steaming down the lines of ships at Spithead, the major portion of the British navy will be in the dockyards and on the building slips and looking after our vast commitments all over the world.

For the Jubilee review the major portion of the Mediterranean Fleet was brought home so that a brave show would be given. There was excellent reason for this step, because a large number of ships were about to change round from the Mediterranean to the Home Fleet. Only a few ships could wisely be withdrawn, but the hope was expressed officially last week that the *Queen Elizabeth* and certain other battleships and cruisers would appear at Spithead. From China it is certain that ships will not come home for the review. The same is almost certainly true of our squadrons in the East Indies, South Africa, New Zealand, and America, although representative vessels of the Royal Australian Navy, the Royal Canadian Navy, and the Royal Indian Navy may attend.

What with ships being on distant stations and others undergoing refits and modernisation, it seems extremely unlikely that there will be more than seven capital ships and fifteen cruisers at Spithead on May 20.

Of new ships there will be very few. The first two cruisers of the "Southampton" class should be ready and may make their first bow on that occasion. Apart from that there will be completed before May 20 only about four destroyers, two or possibly three submarines, and perhaps a sloop or two. Certainly the review will come as something of a shock to laymen, remembering the spate of White Papers and Ministerial statements which have heralded our rearmament and forgetting that the building of a navy is a lengthy process.

Naval reviews are not organised just so that the King can see his ships, or that his men can see him. There is the other object of providing a spectacle for the ordinary man and woman, so that their hearts may swell with pride in the heritage of their island race, and that they may not grudge the taxes they pay for their navy nor the sons to man the ships.

For this reason the predomination of the small ship to-day is the more to be regretted. A destroyer or submarine looks most unimpressive to John Citizen, straining his eyes from the distant shore. And all warships are further dwarfed by the enormous modern liners which are chartered by sightseers and which surround the grey lines of warships like flamboyant goddesses watching an ants' nest. And to these, for a Coronation naval review, must be added the honoured guests. Every considerable naval Power is cordially invited to be represented at Spithead by one of its warships. At the Coronation naval review of King George V there were present eighteen foreign warships, representing every European navy except that of Portugal, and the navies of the United States, Japan, Argentina, and even China.

Naturally, it would be the worst of bad manners for a foreign State, having accepted the invitation for a warship to attend the British naval review, to send some ancient and diminutive torpedo boat. Besides, one must take into account the fact that there is rivalry among the guests. Every nation wishes to outdo the other, and incidentally, to impress his rivals with the fact that he is not a person to be trifled with. Therefore the guests are certain to be, for the most part, crack ships of foreign navies. It is unlikely that any foreign State will send a battleship. That would be overdoing things to the point of bad manners. But one may expect large and up-to-the-minute cruisers, and oversize "destroyers" which would, if they were British, be classed as cruisers. And against these we shall be able to muster, if there are no delays, two nice new cruisers which were authorised four long years ago. Upon these and a large number of elderly craft must rest the naval prestige of the British Empire.

A Sphere Survey

News from the New and Old Worlds

ROOSEVELT STARTS HIS SECOND TERM: The President of the United States standing bareheaded on the rain-swept balcony as he delivered his inaugural address in Washington after taking the oath of office consequent upon his re-election last November. *Above on right*—Mr. James Roosevelt at his desk in the White House where he has recently taken up his duties as his father's personal secretary. He is believed to have political ambitions, and now has a first-class opportunity for gaining experience

FROM A WATERLOO TO A ST. HELENA: Ras Imru, last of the big Ethiopian chieftains to hold out against the Italians, leaving Naples under escort when he was taken to a penal island of the Ponza group, 70 miles off the Italian coast. With his capture it was claimed that all organised resistance in Western Abyssinia had come to an end

PACT MAKING IN THE BALKANS: M. Kiosseivanoff (seated on left), the Bulgarian Prime Minister, and Dr. Stoyadinovitch (on right), the Yugoslav Prime Minister, pictured during their meeting in the Foreign Ministry in Belgrade to sign the new Treaty of Friendship concluded between their respective countries. The two chief executives have long been personally acquainted

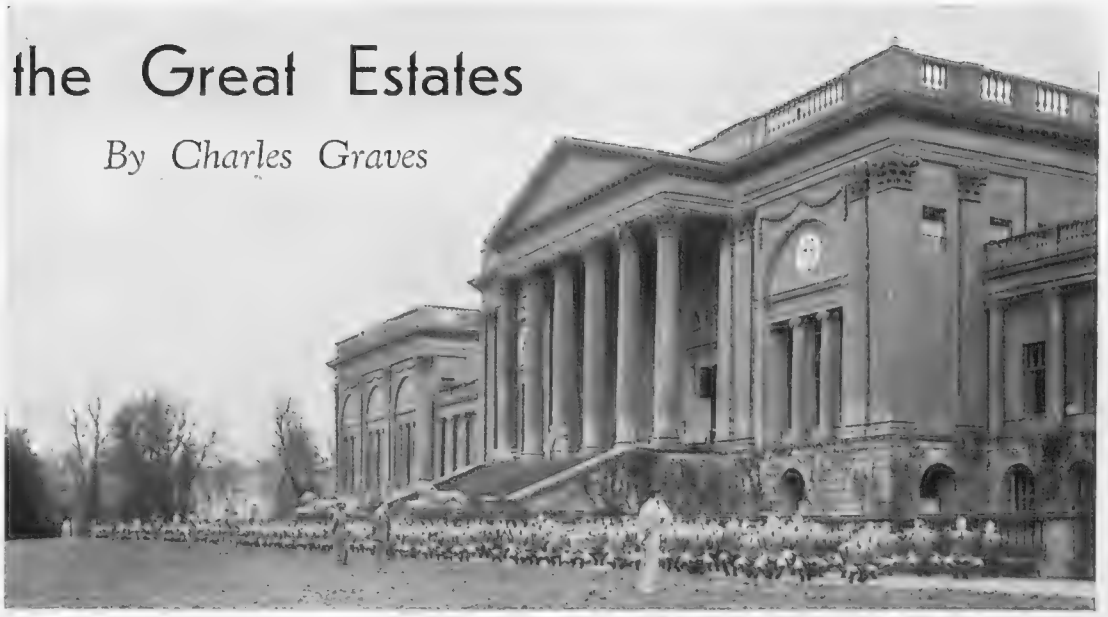
PAGEANTRY IN A DOMINION CAPITAL: Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, arriving to open the eighteenth Parliament of Canada at Parliament House, Ottawa. His Speech from the Throne, which he read first in English and then in French, contained an important reference to a new trade pact between Canada and Great Britain

WHEN THE PARIS BUTCHERS WENT ON STRIKE the employers themselves (as depicted here) went to work in the slaughter-houses of La Villette and Vaugirard in order to ensure that the city would not run short of its essential supplies. The dispute arose over the claim by the men that their masters were not adhering to the collective bargaining agreement signed in 1936 when Monsieur Blum's Popular Front Government first took office

The Passing of the Great Estates

As Death Duties Take their Toll and Time and Time Again Render it Impossible for Successors to Carry on

By Charles Graves



ONE OF ENGLAND'S STATELY HOMES: Once Stowe was the seat of the Dukes of Buckingham; to-day, like many of our great mansions, it has found a new usefulness as a school. Most of the building was erected by Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Viscount Cobham, but the facade depicted here was added later

IT is only by indirect evidence that the vast mass of the public has any knowledge of the bloodless revolution which has been in existence in this country for the past ten or fifteen years. And yet the redistribution of wealth, and even more, the redistribution of property, is almost as complete as it is in Russia—except that in Russia nobody seems to have much money. In any other country in the world there might have been civil war of the most brutal character and hundreds of lives lost.

What am I talking about? Why the growing toll of the death duties in specific reference to owners of large estates. It is an accepted fact that no property in the country to-day can survive the consecutive deaths of two owners without being broken up. Just after the war some landowners were lucky enough to sell a certain amount of their estates to the farmers living there at a high price per acre. But that was the last time there was a boom in land in this country—unless you can count the fancy prices now being paid for country houses with a small acreage within two hours of London. These new landowners, however, are really townspeople whose headquarters is London, and whose interest in the country is largely in having a good time there; shooting, hunting, and giving week-end parties being its attractions for them. The old landowning class who, though they have a town house, reside in the country except for the season, have their backs to the wall and are going down like ninepins.

The other day a charming old gentleman of eighty-one summers called on me to ask me in all seriousness whether I could find him a job. "You see, my boy" he said, "the supertax is really killing me, and the new land tax is going to be worse still. Besides, half the tenants threatened in 1931 to go to arbitration if I did not reduce their rents. I reduced them by £2,500 a year, and of course I will never be able to raise them again even in good times. In addition to that, the Conversion Loans have played Old Harry with my Trustee dividends. That has cost me another £3,000 or £4,000 a year. The new land tax is going to cost me another £2,000. So you really see I need a job."

When I tell you that he was deadly serious and needs money, though he pays £13,000 a year in various ways to the State, it is possible to realise that wealth is relative. Nor must it be supposed that he or his wife is extravagant. On the contrary, they run their London house more economically than I run my own. Yes, they exercise the strictest care, and have reduced their cost of living by over £14,000 a year since 1929.

The property consists of 11,000 acres, three villages, forty farms, a manor house, and 200 cottages, divided up into two estates. Here are the accounts for the year ending 1929 :—

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Estate No. 1 :—		
General repairs	7,549 1 1	
Wages of estate staff (including Workmen's Compensation Insurance)	1,745 7 10	
Management expenses, less amount recovered	4,828 2 2	
Woods and parks expenses	234 6 11	
Charges on estate	35 6 0	
Insurance	202 15 3	
Professional charges	587 9 6	
Donations	663 8 1	
Sundry expenses	123 19 6	
		15,969 16 4
Brought forward		£15,969 16 4
Estate No. 2 :—		
General repairs	577 4 3	
Insurance	49 17 0	
Subscriptions and donations	10 0 0	
		637 1 3
Estate No. 3—Manor House :		
Wages	561 5 6	
Provisions	298 10 7	
Repairs and renewals (including Fire Brigade)	637 16 2	
Newspapers, stationery, telephone, and postages	153 4 6	
Gardens (less sale of produce)	641 5 10	
Lighting and heating	793 0 10	
Motor car expenses	424 19 1	
Insurance	110 17 0	
Stable expenses	213 8 4	
		3,834 7 10
		£20,441 5 5

Here are the accounts for 1930 when economy was introduced :—

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Estate No. 1 :—		
General repairs	1,629 7 6	
Wages of estate staff, (including Workmen's Compensation Insurance)	1,060 15 2	
Management expenses, less amount recovered	788 14 8	
Woods and parks expenses	177 7 2	
Charges on estate	68 13 0	
Insurance	213 6 9	
Professional charges	410 15 6	
Payments to trustees re installation of electric light in the village	128 3 4	
Redemption of Land Tax	84 11 8	
Subscriptions and donations	333 3 7	
Sundry expenses	62 6 0	
		4,957 4 4
Estate No. 2 :—		
General Expenses	358 19 8	
Insurance	49 17 0	
Subscriptions and donations	13 1 6	
		421 18 2
Brought forward		£421 18 2
Estate No. 3—Manor House :—		
Wages	443 8 6	
Provisions	109 0 1	
Repairs and renewals (including Fire Brigade)	448 12 5	
Newspapers, stationery, telephone and postages	46 11 8	
Gardens (less sale of produce)	438 2 9	
Lighting and heating	318 8 6	
Motor car expenses	148 19 6	
Insurance	207 0 9	
Stable expenses	43 0 0	
		2,203 4 2
		£7,582 6 8

Let us now jump to the accounts for 1936. I may point out that whereas practically the whole of the house was shut up seven years ago, every room is now open :—

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Estate No. 1 :—		
Wages of estate staff (including Workmen's Compensation)	1,153 6 8	
Gamekeepers' wages	173 13 10	
Repairs	1,339 13 6	
Management expenses	925 14 11	
Woods and parks expenses	141 10 10	
Charges on estate	50 17 1	
Insurance	214 14 5	
Electricity	81 11 0	
Sundry expenses	10 10 8	
		4,091 12 11
Estate No. 2 :—		
Wages of estate staff	70 17 0	
Repairs	176 9 9	
Management expenses	6 16 9	
Insurance	69 16 3	
		323 19 9
Estate No. 3—Manor House :—		
Wages	350 16 7	
Garden wages and expenses	626 1 2	
Repairs and renewals (including Fire Brigade)	63 18 7	
Provisions	6 17 9	
Newspapers, stationery, postages, and telephone	17 0 1	
Lighting and heating	197 1 5	
Motor expenses	100 14 6	
Stable expenses	45 17 0	
Insurance	132 7 0	
Professional charges	289 13 7	
Subscriptions and donations	23 5 9	
Sundry expenses	25 6 0	
		1,878 19 5
		£6,294 12 1

Further statistics show that the reduction of the estate expenditure in seven years is £95,789; the reduction of the London house expenditure in seven years is £25,586; and the reduction of the London garage expenditure in seven years is £7,458; making a total saving in expenditure of over £128,000. Which shows that it can be done.

Of course, the amount of money spent before the war on an estate of this size was prodigious.

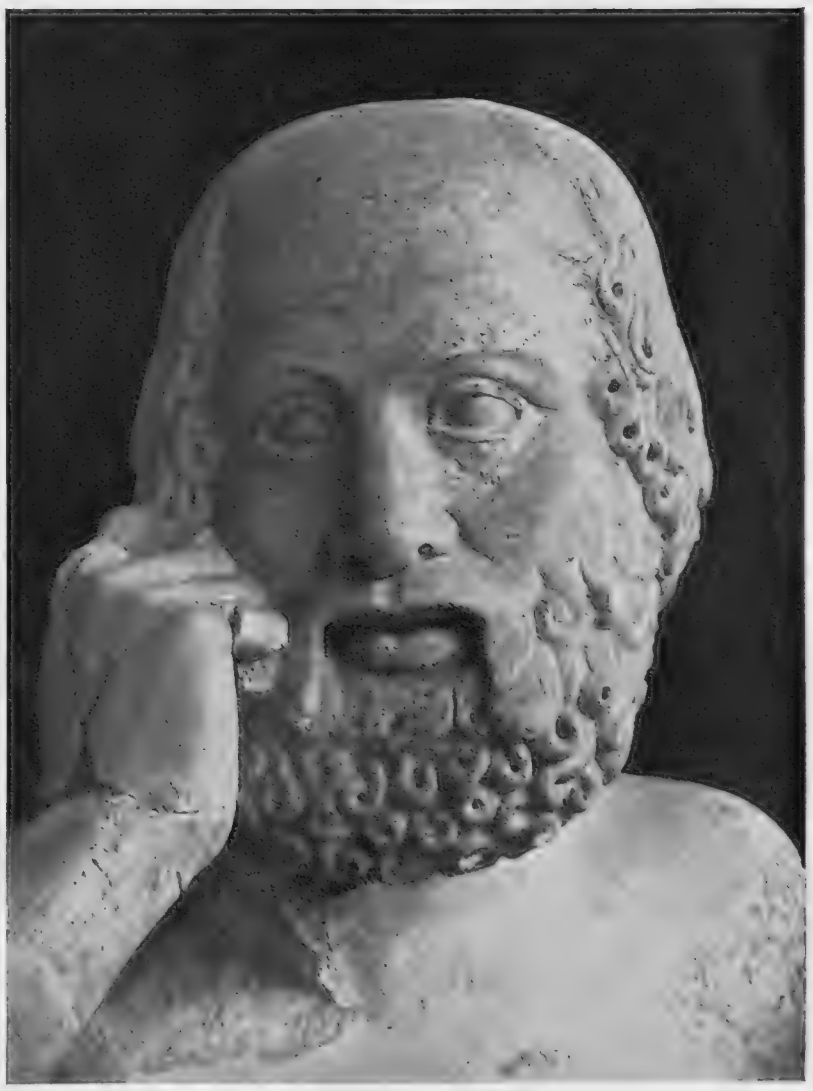
(*Continued on page 228*)

On left— FOUNDED BY WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR: Battle Abbey another historic seat that has been converted into a school. At first the place belonged to the Benedictine order but at the Reformation it was presented to Sir Anthony Browne, Henry VIII's Master of the Horse

GEMS OF CLASSIC SCULPTURE IN FAMED OLYMPIA

New Pictures from the Temple of Zeus, Obtained for Exhibition at Marburg University, Prussia

LEGACY OF GREECE: Some of the many gems of statuary in the sacred precincts of Olympia, in the Grecian Peloponnese, have recently been re-photographed, and the pictures, which have not been published in England before, are now on exhibition at Marburg University, Prussia. That on the left represents the beautiful Hermes of Praxitiles, which was brought to light by German archæologists in the nineteenth century, and that above of a kneeling girl



YOUTH AND AGE: *Above*—Head of a girl carried off by a Centaur, and (*right*) head of a meditating old man — two remarkable works from the western and eastern façades of the Temple of Zeus at Olympia, a Grecian shrine containing some of the finest examples of sculpture left to us by antiquity

REMOTE ASSAM:

WASTING ITS SWEETNESS ON THE MOUNTAIN AIR: A bush rhododendron, with snow-white flowers of rare fragrance, growing at a height of 10,000 ft. in the rain forests of Assam. One of many pictures taken by F. Kingdon-Ward during a visit to this wild and remote province of India

IN THE LONELY KHASIA HILLS: Native memorial stones, three of them upright, two of them lying flat. The former are in honour of men of the tribe and the latter in honour of women

CULTIVATION AT AN ANGLE OF 45 DEG.: Barley growing on a hillside near the northern frontier where the country is rugged in the extreme

A HOME IN A JUNGLE CLEARING: A native hut with a thatched roof supported on timbers and a rudely built stone wall

A NAGA WOMAN engaged in making thread

On April 1, Assam, together with the other provinces of our Indian Dominion, will achieve self-government under the Government of India Act and it is for this reason that this province, so little known to the majority of us, comes into the limelight. In the following article Captain F. Kingdon-Ward, the explorer, gives a revealing insight into the life of this remote land.

ASSAM shares with Siam—and possibly Annam—a polite confusion in the minds of the British public, due partly to the assonance of these labels. But if the British public are vague as to the whereabouts and status of Assam, they can console themselves with the reflection that the great majority of their fellow countrymen in India are not much wiser. Though larger than England and Wales, but with a population of less than a quarter, Assam has always been regarded as the Cinderella of India. What it lacks in numbers, it more than makes up for in races and religions.

The indigenous language of Assam, or rather one of the indigenous languages, is of course Assamese which has been widely spoken since A.D. 1200 when the Ahoms

THE LITTLE-KNOWN REGION WHICH IN APRIL WILL ACHIEVE AUTONOMY UNDER THE NEW INDIAN CONSTITUTION

SEPOYS AND NAGAS constructing a perimeter camp of wood and brushwood in the Naga Hills—an area of Assam Province occupied by one of the most primitive tribes in the world

GNARLED [illegible] THE HAND OF TIME: Age-old trees in the forest la[illegible]s with grass beneath them clipped smooth by the bison, b[illegible]alo, and other creatures that come to graze there

A NAGA CHIEFTAIN (left) famed among his tribe as a head-hunter

MONUMENT TO A MIGHTY RACE: One of the hosts of temples erected by the Shans—the hardy people, skilled in the arts, who were for centuries a dominating influence in the Far East and some of whom, after the disruption of their great empire, settled in Assam, becoming known as the Ahoms

MONBAS TRIBESMEN GAMBLING: With them the passion for games of chance amounts almost to a vice

—a branch of the great Shan or Tai race which overran South Eastern Asia, first conquered the valley. But to-day, while Assamese is habitually spoken by 2,000,000 inhabitants, Bengali is spoken by 3,000,000; for the Bengalis, though no conquerors, are invading Assam by the modern bloodless but none the less effective method of peaceful penetration. A million tea garden coolies from Southern India import another order of speech—the Dravidian tongues. But it is in the hill tracts, where communications are almost non-existent, that the greatest confusion of tongues exists.

Backwater of modern India though Assam may be, the country has had a long and eventful history. It is doubtless romantic to find ruined cities buried in the jungle, but it is also melancholy to reflect that only a few decades previously industrious populations had lived and worked here, so swiftly does the Assam jungle bury its dead.

When the British, a century ago, first penetrated these trackless jungles and extensive swamps, they stood amazed at what they found. Causeways, temples, water tanks, cities were exhumed; all crumbling and rotting in the moist heat, and overwhelmed by the advancing green monster. Whole civilisations had perished.

(Continued on a later page)

It is a significant fact . . . to be noted especially by motorists . . . that, for the sake of safety in public transport, DUNLOP TYRES are almost universally specified and are fitted to the vast majority of public conveyances on the road.

In like manner the new standard of hygienic luxury and comfort in coach and omnibus is mainly due to DUNLOPILLO Cushioning.

C.F.H.

A Wonder Works

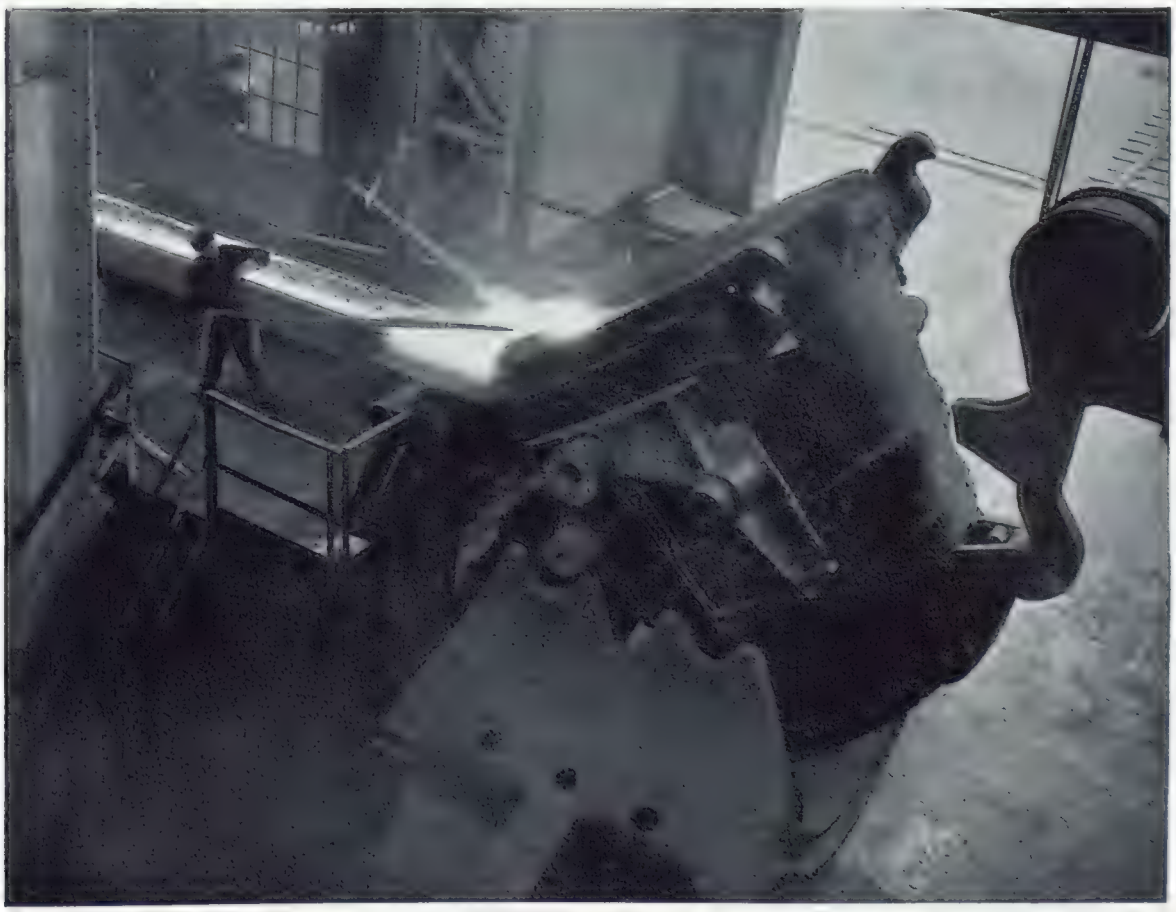
Glimpses of the Stupendous Ford Factory that has Risen from the Marshlands of Essex

THAMES-SIDE LANDMARK: The Ford power house at Dagenham which produces sufficient current to provide light, heat, and power for a town of 180,000 inhabitants. For cooling purposes approximately 30,000 gals. of water are drawn from the river every minute

THE GIANT ELECTRICALLY DRIVEN UNLOADERS are unique in Europe. They are fitted with grabs that can be turned in any direction and are capable of handling about 300 tons of raw material an hour as it is brought alongside the Ford jetty on Dagenham Reach. When the coal, limestone, or iron ore arrives, an electric locomotive takes it along the high line to the store yard where as much as 130,000 tons of material can be accommodated

"TAPPING" A BLAST FURNACE designed to produce a high quality pig iron of accurate analysis suitable for use in the manufacture of the more intricate castings such as the Ford V8 cylinder block

POURING IRON INTO A 75-TON LADLE before conveying it to the room where it is kept hot until required. It is then transferred to mixers and alloyed with steel



WHITE HOT INFERNO: A close-up of one of the 75-ton ladles for carrying the iron from blast furnace to metal house. They are lifted by a crane with such apparent ease that to the visitor it is difficult to appreciate the magnitude of what is being done. *On left*—Looking across a section of the works from the roof of the 135-ft. high power house. In the foreground can be seen the blast furnace, the coke oven plant, and hot metal house, all part of the great organisation which completes a motor car every two minutes and takes only thirteen minutes to assemble its parts

NEW MANNER: Gertrude Hermes has made by a novel process a 30 ft. high window of sculptured glass with a Britannia motif which is to be incorporated in the British Pavilion now under construction in Paris for the forthcoming International Exhibition

EYES FRONT: Miss Diana James watched by her father, Vice-Admiral Sir William James, Deputy Chief of Naval Staff, as she launched the new coastal sloop, H.M.S. *Sheldrake*—the second of two boats of the Kingfisher class ordered by the Admiralty from Messrs. John I. Thornycroft

HIGH WIND AT WESTMINSTER: The bridegroom holds the bouquet while the bride adjusts her headdress. An informal picture taken outside St. Margaret's after the wedding of Mr. Thomas Welles Beecham, younger son of Sir Thomas and Lady Beecham, and Miss Mozelle Cairn, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Cairn and the Hon. Mrs. Stratford Tollemache

A NAME TO CONJURE WITH: Colonel Theodore Roosevelt (right), son of President Theodore Roosevelt and former Governor of the Philippines, in conversation with Earl Spencer after giving a lecture at London University

STEP UP: Mr. Lancelot Hogben, F.R.S., D.Sc., Professor of Social Biology in the University of London, has been appointed Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen

All in the Day's Work at Television G.H.Q.

What Goes On at Alexandra Palace

I HAVE described in a previous article how the B.B.C. has taken over a great area of the grim Palace of North London and transformed it into a palace of light and whiteness. But I have not told you how the home of modern magic has been housed in perfect modern conditions.

Yes, at Television City everything not only fits but is fitting—from the shining desk of Gerald Cock, the director of television, to the chromo-plated rails and chairs of the staff cafeteria. At first that gleaming cafeteria was almost as frightening as the glittering machinery. Its humanity was saved for me by the blood-red lipstick of the impeccable waitresses and the grand haricot-oxtail one got *en casserole* for ninepence.

Oh, yes! Even Television City has its humanities. But back to 9.45 a.m. on a foggy morning.

Television City, towering like a lighted jewel in the mist.

SEEN AND HEARD: Twenty-three-year-old Miss Elizabeth Cowell is one of the B.B.C.'s new television announcer-hostesses

In the Marconi Studio there is a clock with a vast round face. With a second hand it goes "tick" for each of the seconds of the minute. It is an awesome sight to watch. It is an unremitting reminder that time is flying; and by it the men and women up there work and breathe.

Well, I know that it was on the exact tick of 9.45 that Gerald Cock, slim but powerful, kindly but grimly cynical, glanced at his synchronised clock through his dapper horn-rimmed spectacles and pressed a well-manicured but determined finger on his electric bell-push.

Now you must understand that in spite of the basic idea of television—which suggests magic—and surroundings which suggest the imaginings of Mr. H. G. Wells, television must be made a paying concern. It is a definite undertaking within the scope of the British Broadcasting Corporation, itself a business house.

Now, as compared with its production marvels, it is merely a small business house. As compared with the 7,000,000 subscribers of the B.B.C. proper, it has only about 7,000. There is obviously room for growth, because all these 7,000 are scattered about within a radius of 25 to 30 miles. This is the limit of a practical service area for the moment.

That means, as it were, a limited circulation. So that costs must be kept down. Expenses must be kept in check. So that at the same moment that Gerald Cock pushes his electric bell to set the production side in motion, at that same moment the costing clerks, the ledger clerks, the accountants, and the rest of them move to their desks. The production side knows that they are there and works with one eye on them.

As to the production end, it may be sagely placed under four heads–Programme Planning, Programme Building, Rehearsal, Broadcast.

Now programme planning—considering the limits of what can at present be televised—is no joke. It is not so much a matter of what can be photographed as what can be shown with reasonable clarity upon the reception set. So the Production Committee sits every Tuesday. Its principal members are Gerald Cock and D. H. Munro. To this committee are co-opted producers and assistant producers responsible for individual programmes or items.

Then there is Cecil Madden, co-ordinating producer. It is he who has to take the ingredients of the programme and see that they balance—comedy with drama, frivolity with instruction, light with shade. It is he who must blend professors with acrobats, film stars with performing animals, and, above all, contrive that the films spatch-cocked into the programme suit the general tenor of the programme's way.

Rehearsal is the crux of the whole affair. In the rehearsal of a film you can, within reason, take your time till all is ready for shooting. Within more cabined limits you can do the same with a production at the B.B.C. But you cannot do that with television. Weeks may be spent in rehearsing a talkie, and many hours, spread over many days and nights, may be spent in rehearsing a "sound" production at the B.B.C. But at Television City perhaps only an hour, or half an hour, can be spared; and the rehearsal must almost invariably take place immediately before the production.

The old theatrical slogan is that "it will be all right on the night." But at Television City "to-night's the night" every night. The play or whatever it may be is rehearsed for presentation that afternoon. It is comparatively easy for the performers. They know their "stuff."

And if stage artists be used to cinema work, or even to the "sound" production at Broadcasting House, they can acclimatise themselves fairly quickly to the conditions of filming or broadcasting. But with television it is another matter. Here the strain is on the producer and his assistants.

Under the Marconi system, for instance, the producer has to be in his control box, sandwiched between his vision and his sound men, his eyes bent on the disc up to which comes the vision of what is passing down below; the sounds coming to him indirectly from the reception set. He is, as it were, cut off from his own world. All he can do is to get his sound and vision camera men to conform themselves to the artist. It is the very inversion of the ordinary methods of production, and time is short. Actual production will follow rehearsal within a very short space of time.

The best way to grasp the manner in which the system works is to study the printed official chart of one day's work.

Study it well. There you have before you all the details of the day's work. But remember this. Through the warp of the pattern must glide the woof of the announcers. And here I must confess that when I first read the panegyrics devoted to Jasmine Bligh, Elizabeth Cowell, and Leslie Mitchell I laughed.

(Continued on page 228)

WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN THE KHAISORE

A Valley of Waziristan, on India's North-West Frontier, where They have been Putting Down a Tribal Rising

A MOUNTAIN BATTERY IN ACTION: Four field guns (in background) of the Razmak Brigade, firing from the dried-up bed of the Khaisore River during a recent engagement in Waziristan on India's North-West Frontier. The British-officered native forces have been fighting the tribesmen in this territory for months past, and the disturbance, the cause of which is explained below has been of more than usual violence. Quiet has at last been restored

SKY HIGH: dynam
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"HELL-FIRE CORNER": *Left*—This is the name given by the British troops to the spot in the middle distance of this view taken near Dakai village, in the Lower Khaisore, where a determined tribal sniper ensconced himself and, firing with great accuracy, recently caused about eleven casualties among members of the the Razmak Column. *Right*—A "t
"The Monster") engaged in cutting a new
the Khaisore valleys. The building of such
rough tracks, plays a vital part in the task

HOLDING OFF THE TRIBESMEN: A mountain battery in action at Biche Kashkai when co

After nine months of intermittent fighting the tribesmen of the Khaisore Valley have been subdued and the area is now so well under control that the Razmak Brigade has returned to its peace-time station. The casualties in this rising have been rather heavy and since November 25 the troops have lost thirty-nine killed, of whom three were British officers, and 127 men have been wounded. The trouble began in April 1936, when the Government was called up
Hindu girl by a Muhamm
decision the fakir of Ipi cal
year they continued to make
that the Khaisore was pacifi